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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL T. CLOVER, Editor R. O. FOOTE, Associate

BREAKING THE NEWS TO HUGHES

NEXT Monday evening, in Carnegie hall, New York City, Charles Evans Hughes is to receive formal notification of the action of the Republican national convention at Chicago in making him its nominee for the presidency. The Republican national committee will be host for the occasion. As Mr. Hughes is to be the center of attraction, all other big guns, such as Roosevelt and Taft, will remain away, giving the Republican standard bearer a clear field. They realize it is his particular party and it is planned to make it an old-fashioned political love-feast with the Murray Cranes and the Perkinses hobnobbing with other Old Guards and non-reactionaries of the party. Meanwhile, the prospective recipient of notification honors is still at work preparing his acceptance speech, which, in accordance with traditionary usage, will furnish the working platform of the Republican spielers all over the country. This is supplementary to the party platform and is to be regarded as the intimate viewpoint of the nominee on vital subjects affecting the nation. Thus, Mr. Hughes may tell us exactly what he would have done when the Lusitania was sunk; when the Sussex was foreshortened in the English channel; when the Columbus, New Mexico, raid occurred; when the Carrizal fight happened, and when similar other events of interest broke. His views on the holy tariff may be elucidated; his definition of "undiluted Americanism" expounded, and his ideas on preparedness elaborated. As a matter of fact, the people know little about the Hughes' point of view on many vexed questions of national import, and his letter of acceptance may be likened to a rending of the veil. The man of mystery will then be revealed to his fellow citizens for them to accept or reject on his merits or demerits, after due consideration. August 1, the campaign will actually begin. To date, the staff officers have merely been playing for position; getting their bases ready for heavy battery, so to say, and taking stock of their ammunition. When the big Hughes ordnance speaks then the battle may be said to be under way and for the succeeding twelve weeks, with the Mexican problem in a fair way to solving, the Presidential campaign will hold the center of the stage.

GOLD BRICKS AS A PARTY ASSET

EAST, west and south reports are coming in of the revolt of the Bull Moose members—they decline to be politically transferred, willy-nilly. Perhaps, the most acrimonious of meetings of protest lately was that held in Newark, New Jersey, recently, when Chairman Hopkins, a violent dissenter from the Roosevelt-Perkins program, read a letter to his associates in conference which he had written to their beloved leader rehearsing certain conversations with the Colonel after he had declined to accept the nomination. Among other tart gems of a reminiscent nature was that where Roosevelt had admitted he had once inadvertently "sold the party a gold brick" and did not wish to run the risk of doing it again. In comparing Wilson with Hughes, the Colonel, so Hopkins states, said the justice was "a little, and, perhaps, some better than Mr. Wilson." Realizing that this was not a really strong statement, he added: "Perhaps, after all, he will turn out to be another gold brick." A resolution to indorse Hughes, offered by Everett Colby, of New Ida fame, was defeated. Apparently, Hopkins made public the contents of his letter to Theodore Roosevelt in advance of its reception by the Colonel, who is quoted as wrathfully denying that he made any such "gold brick" allusion to Hughes as imputed to him. It is now up to Hopkins to reassert his statement or be

branded as a member of the Ananias Club. And yet, the Colonel may have forgotten it, he talks so much. Perhaps, indeed, the Republican party has been handed another gold brick.

IS A SHADOW A THING?

NO wonder the jury disagreed at the trial of the men accused of importing into this country a motion picture film showing a pugilistic bout between two boxers in Cuba. The federal law, it appears, does not attempt to interfere with interstate traffic in such films, but it prohibits their importation. A few months ago a group of New York men evolved a great idea. The strip of celluloid showing the Cuban event was taken into Canada and to a point on the border. A specially devised apparatus was then conveyed to a point directly opposite, on the American side of the line. The original film and the camera were moved to within a few inches of each other, but still the one was in Canada and the other in the United States. The cranks were turned, and soon there had been made, in the United States, a picture of the boxing match in Cuba, but no film had been imported. All that came across the line was a succession of shadows. The federal authorities averred that this was a breach of the law, and the New York men were arrested and placed on trial. The defense was to the effect that there had been no importation. Strictly speaking, it was argued, a shadow caused by an object, does not begin at one end and travel to the other, but comes into existence simultaneously throughout its entire length. Therefore, it was urged, not even a shadow had been brought across the line. It was a jury trial, and one cannot but sympathize with a dozen men called upon to work out this nice point of law and fact. Jurors have been instructed over and over again upon the doctrine of the shadow of a doubt, but here they had to wrestle with the doubt of a shadow. They disagreed, and the prosecutors state their intention to call for another trial. While we would be the last to endeavor to hamper justice, we feel safe in offering a large and suitable reward for the discovery of twelve men who can agree as to the merits of this case.

JUST FOOLING OURSELVES

AFTER all this hullabaloo about lower taxes we find the rate cut by the banal expedient of raising valuations. Taxes are to remain the same, in fact. The expenses of city and county government have not been reduced. No attempt, apparently, has been made to effect economies. Merely incidentally, the burden upon holders of unimproved, unproductive land and lots has been increased by reducing slightly the valuation upon improvements. This will not put new life into the real estate market. Property is not made more attractive to holder or possible purchaser by increasing the tax assessment. An actual rather than a paper increase in real estate values results only from an active market. What has been done is transparent juggling of doubtful, and at the best experimental effect, which will fool no one unless it is ourselves as to the real point at issue. It does not meet, in any degree, the demand, for relief from public extravagance, for the beginning of economies to which the public service, city, county and state, has long been a stranger. Those most responsible in a political way for these extravagances have joined in the cry for a Taxpayers League, but have refrained from doing more than talk about it, and will be found, probably, congratulating the public upon the "lower" tax rate. They have demonstrated their ineptitude for leadership, if not their lack of sincerity, in a movement which has the overwhelming support of popular opinion, and which easily should have obtained practical results. It is obvious that we need Taxpayers Leagues, and equally obvious that other sponsors should get back of the movement. Perhaps the Realty Board could do the pioneering successfully, though manifestly it should not be confined to so limited a circle. With a local organization effected under such auspices it would be easy to extend it throughout the state in time for the assembling of the next legislature. For this is not a local problem only. The conditions of which we complain in city and county government exist generally in California municipalities, and in the state itself. Though the state revenues are derived now from corporations, they come from the pockets of the people just the

same. In Los Angeles we tax the land and the building, for example, of the Lankershim hotel, and then the state steps in and levies a further tax upon the Lankershim hotel corporation. The railroads and other public service corporations from which the state receives the largest amount of income, formerly paid taxes to city and county. The right to tax them was surrendered to the state on the theory that the yield would be sufficient for the economical administration of state affairs. Every dollar taken from corporations, or whatever source, by state taxation, to be spent in extravagance, is robbery of the municipalities, which need it. Independent of the questionable justice of the present system separating the sources of state and local taxes, there is the fact that an amendment to the plan is in prospect and likely to be submitted to the legislature this winter. One will be submitted if the commissioners now drawing \$5,000 a year salary each accomplish the work confided to them. There is reason to believe that the state, instead of being satisfied with its present income, and the sources thereof, will seek more revenue and new sources, every dollar of which, it must be remembered, will come directly or indirectly, from our own pockets. The present system needs reformation, but not in the direction it may take unless the people of California are on guard. Not only a local Taxpayers League but a state league is sorely needed to safeguard the people's purse.

IN PRAISE OF WHIMSIES

FORGETTING for the moment the war in Europe, the infantile paralysis epidemic in the east, the plagues of sharks and Mexicans, and the political campaign, we turn toward the moonrise in a bypath of the human maze of highways to meet Robert Carlton Brown, author, dilettante and high priest of Whimsy. Mr. Brown, who is not unknown to the readers of lighter literature, magazines, verse, and so on, all of which purely incidental facts may be gleaned from Who's Who, has hit upon an idea. Having made \$30,000 in war stocks and spent it in buying a home and automobiles, he has become bored with the method of making a livelihood by the slow process of writing, and so he has decided that it would be a good thing for both parties if a wealthy man would hire him as a chaser of rainbows, and has advertised for such an employer. Nor is he in the least finicky about the sort of rainbows to be chased. All he demands of his employer is that the task be unusual. He makes no suggestion, relying, doubtless, upon the ingenuity of the man who would be sufficiently interested in the proposition? And there are many kinds of research work which at once suggest themselves. We have always wanted to know what makes the Peruvian bark; whether the slithy toves still gyre and gimble in the wabe; who first toted the totem pole; can the dog-tooth violet be crossed with the tiger lily; why it is that night falls without breaking and day breaks without falling, and much more hidden lore of like nature. To these whimsies our workaday world pays too little attention, and it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Robert Carlton Brown that he has perceived the necessity for a renascence of interest in them. There is glory for both him and his "angel," should he find one. Men may laugh at them, as they launch their frail argosy, in chase of rainbows, will o' the wisps, phantoms and phantasmagorias, but there are a few who might be willing to pay a greater price for the account of such a voyage than for the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica and an entire file of the Congressional Record.

COLOSSAL GAMBLER "CASHES IN"

TWENTY years ago two brokers attempted to control the match output of two continents in what was known as the famous Diamond Match corner, which culminated disastrously for the manipulators. Failing for \$5,000,000, but in nowise disheartened, the Moore brokers formed what was known as the Moore group, and in rapid succession they promoted National Biscuit, American Tin Plate, the Rock Island railroad and the American Can Company, besides other successful enterprises. James Hobart Moore, the younger of the two financiers, died recently at his country place at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. His estate will probably comprise many millions. But the dead man did not earn a dollar of it. He achieved it in

bold plays that chanced to be successful. He was a plunger, a stock manipulator, the kind of a get-rich-quick man whose type has proved a vicious influence on the young men of the country. The Rock Island railway used to be considered one of the most conservative roads in the United States. When it came under the baneful influence of the Moores it quickly lost caste and degenerated into a stock-jobbing corporation. The brothers had the Midas' touch, but it was a touch that tarnished, seldom burnished—except fictitiously—that with which it came in contact. Contrasted with the late James J. Hill, who was a creator, a benefactor, in spite of his domineering ways, the late James Hobart Moore presents nothing to recommend him to posterity. He was a colossal gambler and having said that, the range of his activities is fully recorded.

PRIVATE RATION FUNDS UNNECESSARY

MANY letters to their home papers have been printed and much illy digested criticism has been vented by the national guardsmen of the country concerning their alleged hardships en route to the border, which included shortage of rations, poor railroad equipment and similar harrowing complaints. That a number of regiments marched out of their armories in a state of unpreparedness for travel has been shown and, owing to the unusual demands on their rolling stock, not all the railroads were able to provide the best of service. According to reports to the war bureau, however, from commanders of the military departments and other officers, complaints of food shortage on trains carrying national guard organizations to the border are not so general as has been supposed. In every case of dissatisfaction so far reported investigation has shown that the guardsmen had a sufficient supply of food and if they went hungry the fault was largely their own. However, Secretary Baker is delving thoroughly into each complaint with a view to placing the responsibility. Thus far it would appear that the militiamen were supplied with ten days' rations of the army standard for a four-day journey. Moreover, every carload shipment of government property, properly placarded, has been given right of way and sent forward without being sidetracked or otherwise delayed. As a result, the quartermaster's department of each division at the border has been able to forestall the needs of the guardsmen in many instances, thereby offering a marked contrast to the deficiencies and exasperating delays that characterized the 1898 mobilization. In view of these positive statements it would appear that solicitation of public or private subscriptions, for the purpose of obtaining funds to augment the government rations, is entirely unnecessary and we believe the war department is fully justified in prohibiting officers and enlisted men of the army and national guard from participating in the movement. It is a reflection upon the government that is unwarranted and certainly ill-timed.

WOMEN IN THE DEBATABLE STATES

ELEVEN states, it is argued by the Republican national campaign committee, will prove to be the hard fought battlegrounds this autumn; that they are in the middle west, mainly, is no secret and a strong committee has been appointed to get busy at once in the advance trenches. Meanwhile, the new Woman's party is similarly impressed that work may be done in the territory regarded as debatable by the Republicans, and the members propose to take an active part in the struggle. With twelve suffrage states responsive to calls under stress, just what they may be asked to do depends upon the first conference of the national Woman's party, which is to be held at Colorado Springs August 10, 11 and 12. Its action, in turn, waits on the promise of Mr. Hughes or the attitude of Mr. Wilson toward the federal suffrage amendment. According to Miss Alice Paul, chairman of the Woman's Congressional Union, the new party "will certainly not stand for any one who is against us and the amendment." It is her belief, as with others not of her sex or party, that by putting suffrage first and party affiliation second, the women can make the suffrage issue the deciding factor in the presidential campaign. This also is our contention and we have voiced it repeatedly in these columns. With a score or more of able women to invade the twelve states in the coming campaign it is by no means impossible for the women voters of the suffrage states to hold the balance of power and so decide the election.

AWAKENING OF THE THEATER

FOR several years it has been the plaint of the theatrical producers that the movies were ruining the legitimate drama. On its face, this was ridiculous. No true art can be ruined, no essentially fine art which has been received gladly by the public can be swept into unpopularity by the sudden rise of a less valuable art. That the art of the cinema is less valuable than

that of the stage is patent, so far as the silent play has yet been developed. Lacking the dual charm of color and language, it has only its incessant action as a substitute, for in other respects the two are equal. The truth of the situation is that the American stage had degenerated to such a degree that it required only a slight push to send the highly profitable structure toppling. The ones who were ruling the theaters were not artists but business men, manipulators, and too often of an unscrupulous sort. They had been used to tremendous profits. A play that would not support an actors' payroll of several thousand dollars a week, an author's royalty of from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a week, and leave a profit of a thousand dollars a week for the producer, in addition to paying such incidental expenses as rent, was rated a failure. But those days are past, we believe, forever. Before the vogue of the movies people would submit to all kinds of extortions in the matter of the prices of seats and the crowding of theaters, because they demanded theatrical entertainment. But now, if good seats are not to be had at reasonable prices, the average person takes the movies as a substitute. Good plays succeed as they always have, but they do not furnish the huge dividends of former years. That is what the producers mean when they say that the theatrical business has been ruined. Yet there is a dawning light. There has come a readjustment, and we note from the announcements of the productions for the coming season in New York that more discrimination is being shown than for a considerable time. The managers are beginning to understand that the theatrical appeal must now be to the keen mind, while that of the movies can, until new prophets appear, be hardly more than a superficial appeal to the eye and the fancy. New names are appearing in the roster of producers, a roster which has been well nigh intact for a decade. These men are bringing with them new vision and new ideals. Therein lies the hope for the awakening of the stage, and they will soon prove the fallaciousness of the calamity howlings of the men who were bewildered by the unexpected cut in their inordinate profits.

EVEN THE RATS WEPT

THERE is a vast difference between Old Salts and salt tears, as any person who has come in close contact with veterans of the fo'castle will readily admit. They are about as tough a proposition, speaking vernacularly, as any group of human beings well could be, so that when it is stated that a ship's crew was in tears through the entire voyage across the Atlantic it may be surmised that the motive force must have been indeed, powerful. So powerful, in fact, that those vicious pests—about the most depraved little rascals of the four-footed tribe—marine rats, whose habitat was the bowels of the French steamer Ville de Havre, also joined in the lachrymal chorus, thus attesting the woeful environment. According to old Jules Bibot, the quartermaster of the vessel, when he descended to the forehold to get a coil of rope, he saw hundreds of rats sitting in a circle wiping the tears from their red, beady eyes with their paws. "O, mon dieu!" exclaimed Jules, with fervor, "it was a pathetic sight, for sure." Perhaps, it might be explained, that the Ville du Havre came into New York harbor from Gandia, Spain, bringing 1,600 tons of Spanish onions. It is related that the odor from the forehold was so powerful that when the custom inspectors essayed to institute a search for tobacco or cigars they were forced to beat a hasty retreat; the fumes were too much for them. We doubt if the late W. Clark Russell, Captain Marryatt, John Masefield or other deep-water author ever depicted a more gripping scene than that so briefly limned by Quartermaster Jules Bibot, returning from the forehold of his ship with a coil of rope. The genre picture of those tearful rats sitting in a semi-circle wiping their weeping eyes deserves to hang on the line of memory long after the whitened ribs of the Ville de Havre are buried in the sands of time.

INSTITUTIONS AND FREE THOUGHT

RECENTLY, the constantly recurring proposal that the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches of the United States and Canada should be consolidated into one great institution, has been revived. There is much to be said in favor of the plan. All of these denominations give generously to worthy causes, and by combining, the funds could be administered much more effectively and economically. Nor are there any differences in belief so vital, so fundamental, that consolidation would be impossible from the doctrinal viewpoint. The modern minister is given the utmost latitude by the governing body of his church. He is not called upon to preach a sulphurous hell or a golden heaven, but he may do so if his convictions so impel him. The creed of the church of today, whatever its books may literally declare, has

become a practical thing, and the eleventh commandment is generally recognized as all-embracing. Yet, may there not be subtle perils in great religious organizations? In the origin of Congregationalism itself, this principle was recognized, and the individual church organization made supreme within certain extremely broad limitations. The temporal side of a great institution must ever obtrude. Its very bulk tends toward a smothering of freedom of thought. The words "free thinker," anathema a score of years ago, is no longer a term of reproach. The modern church encourages its members to think for themselves, to feel their souls free and not chained to any dogma. It may be argued that the steps which would have to be taken to form such a combined church as is proposed would, in themselves, free the minds of the adherents of each from doctrinal fetters, and give them a larger sense of brotherhood. The theory seems sound, yet history does not entirely bear out the contention. It is and always has been in the smaller groups of thinkers that advancement is born and the highest spiritual development reached. They were small bodies of earnest men who founded all three of the denominations mentioned, men so zealous for truth that their disciples multiplied by thousands. Their isolation, originally, in itself was an inspiration, an incentive toward initiative in free thinking. They broke away from great institutions in order that they might find this freedom. Therefore, while there is no doubt that the capacity for doing good would be increased by a unification of the so-called evangelical churches, it would appear that this result could be obtained as well merely through joining forces in the various outside departments of endeavor, home and foreign missions, educational work, caring for the poor and the sick. But, after all, the primary object of the church must ever be the spiritual awakening of its adherents. We seriously doubt if this would be advanced by the creation of so vast an institution as the triple union would produce.

HAVE YOU A VACUUM?

"HEALTH and happiness come, not from having things, but from wanting them. If you cannot get them—so much the better; that furnishes the basis for permanent welfare. Take artists. They want to be successful and famous, but know that the chance is one in thousands, and yet they are the happiest people in the world. . . . When every desire is gratified, and you have no wants to think about, you stop thinking entirely; your brain becomes atrophied, and fails to stimulate the vital organs." Thus, in a light bit of fiction, "The Escapades of Ann," in July Ainslie's, does a young, modern doctor diagnose the case of a young woman whose fond and wealthy parents have pampered her to such an extent that she has become listless, and ennui threatens to develop into anemia. He goes on to say that nature does not abhor a vacuum, but adores it, rushing into every one she can find. So the doctor prescribes vacuums as necessary to the happiness of all persons. The idea, thus gaily expressed, is not entirely new, however, by several thousands of years, and we recall the stirring terms in which Lowell voiced it in his "Commemoration Ode:"

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole—
So long this faith, to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal name it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood—
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear.

No man carries within himself the highest happiness of which he is capable. Whether it be the languid society girl of the story quoted, or the vigorous man of affairs, mingling with the world's swiftest and strongest currents, it is only as the distant goal is perceived and the course laid toward it, that the pathway toward soul-satisfying achievement is found. For he who sets this goal for his endeavors never will be satisfied when he reaches it, but will see another further on. These are his vacuums, his wants. And, truly, he who ceases to desire ceases to think, and he who ceases to think ceases, in the best sense, to live.

GRAPHITES

Reading the various articles published in the journals on "How I Succeeded" suggests the idea that only the men at the top are needed—that the many hundred thousand minor clerical positions are an unnecessary luxury in business, invented only as a first niche for a boy on his way to making sixty thousand a year.

* * *

Senators Oliver and Penrose are true to their traditions. They went down to defeat fighting the government armor plate bill.

* * *

Word comes from New York of a shortage in chorus girls. All of the "pony" class, eh?

PUBLIC FORUM FOR WOMEN

By Pearl Rall

BORN of the desire of California women for enfranchisement and in the successful campaign therefor several years ago the Woman's City Club has marked an epochal period in the development of the new citizenry of Los Angeles. It stands today representative of the most democratic educational factor for women in our civic affairs.

In those days there were about fourteen hundred women flocked to its standard and a peculiarly electric tenseness and suppressed excitement pervaded all its meetings. Today its membership numbers more than a thousand women and its meetings are crowded and continue to be full of intense interest—albeit, slightly different in character. Then its luncheons were so popular that a place at the tables was at a premium and a common impulse and determination cemented the various elements of groping womanhood, best expressed in the social instinct and a desire to get acquainted with other women, men and the measures they represented; with a new and wonderful world. Today the luncheon has become no less pleasant and profitable, but secondary to the majority of its members for various reasons. Was enfranchisement wise or desirable, was the earliest question. Women who were not sure sought to meet and exchange views with those who were convinced of the justice and propriety of the feminine vote, and those who were of the mind could strengthen their own assuredness and powers by discussion of the matter with these less certain sisters and learn of the wider horizon and expand in the sun of masculine reasoning upon civic affairs in which they hoped and expected one day—even though uncertain of date—to participate. I remember in those days Mrs. Andrew Stewart Lobingier, a remarkably brilliant woman, was president and it was quite "the thing" to belong. In fact it was more than a matter of pride—every woman who laid any claim to being progressive and down-to-date felt she must belong.

But with the granting of the franchise many women, in their inexperience, felt the cause for assemblage was done. The goal was reached. The membership dropped alarmingly. The wise ones remained, however, a stable nucleus for a stronger, better organization. And gradually it has come to the many, not of other clubs, that full citizenship called for broader and ever new information that must otherwise be painfully gained. Or the favorite club did not quite give full opportunity for acquiring the proper information; or the call came to carry certain word or help back to the more democratic group. And so it happens, this club today is in a most truly healthful condition and serves as a forum for the discussion of every vital issue under the sun affecting the welfare of the community. Its inclusiveness is its greatest reason for existence.

"That for which the club is perhaps the most frequently criticised I regard as one of the greatest guarantees of real strength and longevity to our organization as a civic and social factor of the city," said Mrs. Lewis R. Works recently in discussing the club's development and present status. "It is purely for educational purposes in civic affairs, as it always has been since its inception; a forum in which all sides of a question may be heard, not for public endorsement of men and measures. There are a few women's organizations that appear to approach such matters sanely and endorse wisely and conservatively, but as yet the great body of women is not unsuayed frequently by emotionalism. Where clubs make such endorsements there are always disgruntled ones and a division that leaves a sting and an element of partition enters in. I am sure no one could be in doubt as to the sense of our meetings on all vital matters brought before us, yet there is no bitterness engendered over being represented other than by one's individual sentiment. Every woman having heard the pros and cons exercises her intelligence accordingly and goes out to vote her conviction. Public sentiment, I contend, is the strongest weapon possible and cannot be compelled."

"Certainly we have variety. In the club year to close with next Monday's program we have heard from Emma Goldman and Margaret Sanger on sociological questions of deep interest; from Warden Johnson of San Quentin on the prison reforms he has seen effected in his regime; from Judge Forbes, this week, on a similar topic from another angle; from Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith dealing with a "Study in Feminism," "Child Labor," "Our Vanishing Wild Creatures" and "The Mob," the latter a review of Galsworthy's play and its message. We had a fine preparedness program, when we heard the arguments for and against given by Mrs. Seward A. Simons, Mrs. Lobingier, Brigadier-General Charles A. Woodruff, retired, of San Francisco, from the army officer's viewpoint, and by Dr. McBride of Pasadena. We had a discussion of the matter of the disposal of the city sewage by George W. Braden and Fred W. Wheeler; of the two-platoon repeal by Paul Eliel and George A. Lynch, and of the public telephone: whether for municipal ownership or consolidation, by S. Young, president of the People's Municipal Telephone Committee, by Estelle Lawton Lindsey, our councilwoman, and by Herbert J. Goudge, the attorney. These are just a few subjects and their proponents that I recall just at the moment. But it is representative of our line of investigation.

"This is our sixth year and I am the sixth president, having come into the office in June. I was a charter member and have come up from a Board member through the first vice-presidency and the second vice-presidency so I feel I know the club perfectly and have a personal interest in all its individual members whether I know their names or not. Mrs. Lobingier, Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. E. C. Bellows, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst and Mrs. Brainerd were the other presidents.

"Like most clubs, our business is transacted in the Board meetings, where reports of committees, finances and such matters are discussed. We have a wonderful little secretary, Miss Joy Bennett, who follows everything, apparently. I do not find it makes great difference in my own personal time and affairs to be

in the president's chair,—the club is so well governed. Of all the committees I regard the Public Affairs Committee the most important; the program and publicity being almost equal. Hospitality, membership and reception cover the remaining activities of the club. Under the first named committee I plan to have twenty sub-committees, to consider as many phases of the municipal affairs, such as harbors, immigration, charities and corrections, charter amendments, civil service, public utilities, education and the like. On a Public Affairs day reports of these committees will be given to the club. These are the ways in which public sentiment is molded, through the intelligence and without passion.

"You would be surprised how eager men are to bring their ideas before our forum." I was not, for I could see good reason for a desire to be heard here. Mrs. Works regretted the lack of interest, seemingly, in the luncheons, because "they were so interesting. Visitors with ideas were present from all over the world at some time in the year and it was such a fine place for the more intimate exchange of thought. Then it made the women so much more democratic." However, I do not think this is cause for any alarm on the part of City Club women. The business woman, the working woman and the ordinary woman of small



MRS. LEWIS R. WORKS

means cannot always so indulge herself, but she can gain much from the lectures she has opportunity to hear at Blanchard hall each Monday noon.

Next Monday the women delegates to the three National Conventions will be heard. Then for two weeks the club will take a brief vacation, after which the new year will open with a hearing of the various candidates, before the primary.

Among the Christian Scientists of the city Mrs. Works is a widely known and beneficent member, of Ninth Church of Christ Scientist. But I was surprised to learn that Mrs. Works did not belong to but one other club—a small social circle known as the Severance Dinner Club. Quite a distinction these days of many clubs, in a woman of so gracious and social disposition. The Woman's City Club, therefore, claims her first attention it might be said, a wide field and full of honors.

"Forget-me-not"

As many miles as minutes worn
By fallen sands of years
Precludes a shady plot of turf
From this—a sea of tears.
As many tears as longing thoughts,
As many thoughts forgot,
Save one small flower dreams recall
That said "forget-me-not."

She turned her head toward the sun,
But e'er I passed her by
I saw her petals blue as all
The flowers of the sky.
Though hours bear me far away,
Dreams light the woodland plot,
And one lone star still shining there
Calls back "forget-me-not."

—GEORGE HUGH BANNING

Lullaby

Rest little baby, rest
In the tender hollow of my breast,
Thy little head
So red
Against my throbbing bosom pressed.
Thou heepest not
Thy mother's fears,
Or tears
That trickle slowly down her face
To find a resting place
Upon thy body soft and warm.
No harm
Can come to thee, dear child,
Though many terrors clutch my heart,
For I impart
To thee,
Love for eternity.

—WILLIAM VAN WYCK

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

AT that moment, when the civic pride and patriotism of San Francisco were in display, the most fiendish blow was struck at her prestige. Once more this city is held up to the scorn of the world as a center of vicious lawlessness. That the community is profoundly shocked by the outrage of last Saturday afternoon and its ghastly toll of death and injury is evident on all sides, but there is a deeper sense of civic shame and a pricking of the civic conscience. The public outcry is not merely one of vengeance, that the fiends responsible for the slaughter and maiming of innocent citizens be hunted down, but that San Francisco should devote herself to a general housecleaning, to purge herself of the conditions that encourage lawlessness and which culminate in such shameful outrage.

For nearly two months the waterfront has been the scene of a lawlessness which has entirely escaped the censure of the public press. The conditions there, strangling the lawful trade of the port and preventing American citizens from their innate right to labor as they, as individuals, choose, formed but another acknowledgment that San Francisco is still the prey of a minority more strongly organized than the forces of law and order. To this extent the city was already terrorized, but, as I pointed out last week, the newspapers have been restrained from voicing their convictions by the constant fear of antagonizing organized labor and suffering thereby in pocket.

Now, after the infamous crime which turned the preparedness parade from an event of proper pride into public mourning and humiliation, the Examiner spreads its sense of civic disgrace across its editorial page and confesses conditions, the existence of which its readers could not have dreamed from the most careful perusal of its regular news and counsel. Mr. Hearst now calls upon citizens to join him to "put an end to this intolerable reign of terror and this propaganda of hate and disorder," and demands "the complete and final overthrow of these shameful and abominable and unbearable political and social conditions under which we all suffer to our loss and shame." The Examiner declares that it could name in the space of one short paragraph "every one of the leaders of this Mafia of graft, terrorism, disorder and crime," a Mafia of which it admits San Francisco is the slave. But it names not one of them, nor has it the moral courage more than to imply that the labor unions have anything whatever to do with these conditions. Its most specific, but still very indirect, allusion is aimed at an evening newspaper.

Curiosity impelled me as, I imagine, hundreds of others, to attend the mass meeting held at Dreamland rink for the purpose of protesting against the preparedness parade. I was curious to see how formidable that protest might be and what arguments lay behind the objectors. Perhaps, I was most curious to watch the attitude of Rudolph Spreckels who has identified himself with Henry Ford against the preparedness campaign and who was to be the chairman of the demonstration two nights before the big parade. The big barn of a building which holds five thousand persons was full to the doors, and on the platform sat about a hundred men and women acting as vice-presidents. If anything were needed to convince the onlooker that Spreckels is consumed by egoism his conduct that evening would have supplied an abundance of evidence. In a carefully prepared preliminary speech and in each speech of introduction he constantly protested his own virtue, sincerity and self-sacrifice, his devotion to the cause of human liberty and his championship of public honesty. It was, in fact, a gala occasion for the glorification of Rudolph Spreckels, and Rudolph was the glorifier-in-chief.

Labor union officials were among the half dozen speakers and they offered explanations for the refusal of organized labor to participate in the preparedness parade. They and the other speakers were fearful that the nation is committing itself to a policy of abominable militarism at the behest of the munition manufacturers and "the money-power." In only one of the speeches was there the note which can be defined as "incendiary." The speaker was William McDevitt, one of the leading lights of the Socialists, who holds city office as an election commissioner. McDevitt has since declared that his remarks were in a jocular vein. Certainly he concealed his humor in the earnestness of his harangue, and I was surprised that no sort of protest came from the chairman, when after quoting Bernard Shaw and his advice to the soldiers in the trenches to shoot their officers and go home, McDevitt facetiously suggested that it would be a good day's work if certain of the leaders in Saturday's parade were shot in the back of the neck. Neither McDevitt nor anybody else has since produced a verbatim report of his utterance, but its violence was sufficiently sincere to be dangerous. The morning papers "covered" the meeting in ten or twelve lines respectively, and the Bulletin scrupulously deleted mention of McDevitt's "jocularity," although it reported all the speeches fully. The impression made upon my own mind was that outside of the pervading prevalence of Spreckels the feature of the meeting was the menace of McDevitt's speech, and I was astounded that it could pass without any sort of protest. Rudolph Spreckels himself denounced it as a "dirty insult" that there could be any connection between the mass meeting and the bomb outrage.

Fred Myrtle, formerly a well-known newspaper man now the publicity promoter for one of the public service corporations, is the author of this year's grove play for the Bohemian Club's famous jinks, to be given August 12. The play is called "Gold," and is written around the early history of California. The leading figure is that of Commandante Juan de Anza, whose soldiers, dominated by "Evil Impulse" with its lure of gold, battle with the padres. There is a symbolical prologue in which the figures of "Good Impulse," "Evil Impulse" and "Destiny" are impressively introduced.

San Francisco, July 26.

R. H. C.



Concerning the Real Amy Lowell

By Marguerite Wilkinson



FOUR years ago only a few readers of American poetry knew much of Amy Lowell's work and only her friends knew much of her personality. To be sure she was a member of an illustrious family, nurtured in the best traditions of New England intellectuality and culture. She was a niece of James Russell Lowell—certainly a proud heritage for an American woman. But her acquaintances thought, doubtless, that it was enough that she should shine by reflected glory from older and more splendid suns and few of them could have realized that she was about to become a star of the first magnitude in the new galaxy of imagist poets.

Today no other woman in the land is so much discussed with reference to the poems she has made as is Miss Lowell. She is extravagantly praised—which fact taken by itself means nothing, for our critics are sometimes kind to the verge of sentimentality and exuberant to the verge of absurdity. But she is also sharply and severely criticized and this does mean something, for work that is enchanting to certain minds yet capable of producing a reaction of profound dislike in others is worthy of consideration.

For this reason, and because readers of this page have frequently expressed an interest in Miss Lowell, and because I am willing to plead guilty to an admiration of much in her craftsmanship I ventured to call upon her when I was in Boston.

First of all I was met and welcomed at the door by seven English sheep dogs in several shades and sizes of delectable gray wooliness. Then I was genially received by my hostess herself. And in a room whose ample spaces and mellow atmosphere belonged far more to our stately and vigorous past than to our vivid and frisky present, Miss Lowell regaled me with poetry as fragrant as her tea and with humor as crisp as her toast.

First and most important, I learned that Miss Lowell is a patient and indefatigable worker. Infant prodigies, sweet girl graduates, callow striplings, and others who send their precocious comment on life and their colicky emotions to magazines and then, when the treasures are returned, conclude that it is because writers are never noticed unless they have a "pull"—all such folk would do well to consider the fact that Miss Lowell was content to work ten years unrewarded and unnoticed before she was willing to offer her poems for publication. She worked alone ten years before she felt that she knew enough of the craft of poetry to give her work to the public. And even now, when it is generally conceded even by those who do not like her poems that she has won her success, she still continues to work and study for about ten hours out of every twenty-four, although it would be impossible, of course, to devote all of that time to the making of poems. Moreover Miss Lowell works at night that she may be quite free from interruption and able to give the concentrated powers of body and mind to study, thought, and creation. Dividends only come as a result of investments. Where we spend our time and strength there we may expect to receive our wages, and there only. Miss Lowell is seriously devoting her life to literature. She is earning the wage of public comment and public interest which we call success.

And the next thing I learned about Miss Lowell was that she has a hearty and buoyant sense of humor and laughs, as she can well afford to do, at unpleasant comment on her own work. She was much amused when I told her that certain readers of her well known "Patterns" had spoken of it as a subjective lyric and supposed that it was a veiled account of personal experience. "It is a narrative," she said, "and an eighteenth century narrative at that. It was suggested by the great war of today, but I thought that I could write it more effectively in this way."

It is apparent at once that Miss Lowell has a large knowledge of books and a generous and catholic taste for many kinds of literature, and a friendly interest in mankind. She seems to think that the growth and success of the imagists are due to the fact that they are united and sincere in an effort to give us a literature that shall be fresh and artistic and interesting. "For any kind of literature," she says, "it is chiefly important that it should be interesting." To meet Miss Lowell is a pleasantly enriching experience.

It is difficult indeed to describe an anthology like the volume just published by Alfred A. Knopf & Co., called "Others" after the magazine from which most of the selections were taken. It is more difficult to criticize it than it is to describe it, for the material included is far from homogeneous in quality and kind. On one page I am disgusted, perhaps, on the next amused, and on the next delighted; disgusted by certain trivialities and banal vulgarities, amused by certain drolleries, conscious, self-conscious and unconscious, and delighted by many pleasing poems and a few beautiful ones. Of the poets represented perhaps the best known are Mary Aldis (most favorably known to readers of The Graphic), Mary Carolyn Davies, Arthur Davison Ficke, Helen Hoyt, Alfred Kreyenborg, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, and Wallace Stevens.

Mrs. Aldis, I think, has done much finer work than "The Sisters." There is a fallacy in the argument and more than one or two implications that seem to me to be untrue.

Mary Carolyn Davies is represented by her "Songs of a Girl" from which group we have quoted before on this page, and by a group called "Later Songs." They

are not songs at all, but delicate little fancies attractively phrased in very few words. Here is one of them.

The sun is dying
Alone
On an island
In the bay.
Close your eyes, poppies!
—I would not have you see death
You are so young—

Helen Hoyt is well represented by "Homage," a rather intimate but quite lovely lyric of love with a rhythm at once dignified and graceful, and by "Wood Fear," a rather clever poem in free verse.

Of Alfred Kreyenborg's quaint poems eleven are included, occupying only seven pages; but obviously they were not written to fill space. His "Improvisation," in quite his usual piquant manner, is most pleasing.

Carl Sandburg has written few poems that please me more than "Child," which I quote.

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise
And asks questions of the old men, questions
Found under running water for all children
And found under shadows thrown on still waters
By tall trees looking downward, old and gnarled,
Round to the eyes of children, alone, untold,
Singing a low song in the loneliness.
And the young child, Christ, goes on asking
And the old men answer nothing and only know love
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

Other noteworthy contributions to this anthology are Hester Sainsbury's "Epithalamium" and a clever bit of verse, not poetry, by Douglas Goldring, which is called "The Highbrowettes" and aptly satirizes a certain sophisticated type of modern women bred in small numbers, fortunately, in large cities.

"All have fine eyes, yellow faces, vile clothes,
and a liver."

But I would willingly give the price of this volume just to possess the series of thirteen austere little poems called "Cinquains" by Adelaide Crapsey. Miss Crapsey was the daughter of Dr. Crapsey whose heretical opinions were much discussed in The Episcopal Church a few years ago. I have heard that she was associated for a time with Smith College and that she is dead. The "Cinquains" are original and beautiful in form and full of a world-old melancholy—the real world pain—which can never be counterfeited nor expressed by one who has not shared it. They are sincere and quiet in tone. For each one, however, there is an effect of growth and climax usually found only in longer poems. This effect is much helped by the form.

I shall repeat a number of them for I believe that we lost a poet of genuine promise when Miss Crapsey died.

Trind
These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead.

Youth
But me
They cannot touch,
Old age and death . . . the strange
And ignominious end of old
Dead folk!

The Guarded Wound
If it
Were lighter touch
Than petal of flower resting
On grass, oh still too heavy it were,
Too heavy!

Night Winds
The old,
Old winds that blew
When chaos was, what do
They tell the clattered trees that I
Should weep?

Fate Defied
As it
Were tissue of silver
I'll wear, O fate, thy gray,
And go mistily radiant, clad
Like the moon.

Wellesley College has always been interested in current poetry. It was founded by the late Henry F. Durant, himself a lover of poetry, and in the early days, Longfellow and Matthew Arnold read their poems from the chapel platform. In the last year, also, seven poets have read to the students, Mr. Masfeld, Mrs. Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody), Mr. Dole, Miss Converse, Mrs. Evans (Florence Wilkinson), and Mr. Lindsay. Miss Katharine Lee Bates, who is at the head of the English Department, is a woman of unusual distinction and a poet in her own right. Her poem of the planets whirling about our sun that was published in The Lyric Year in 1912 was an excellent piece of work. And she contributes other poems of fine tone and temper to the leading magazines. Miss Scudder and Miss Sherwood are sane and brilliant critics of poetry and have both written a number of prose works. Miss Florence Converse writes poetry and is associated with The Atlantic Monthly. I was fortunate enough to meet them all when I visited Wellesley, although I only stayed a very short time and was so much interested in what I was hearing about the college traditions that I could not discuss contemporary poetry at length. And the lake was glistening with a surface as firm and blue as a shield of steel, the purple beech trees along the drive were resplendent in full summer leafage and the quiet, simple homes of the faculty, the white paint and green shutters of New England, were so restful that I was rather receptive than talkative and inquisitive. In the beautiful chapel I saw the memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer whose poems written for her husband, ("A Marriage Cycle") have recently been published. And in her book case of friends and favorites Miss Bates pointed out to me with pride and pleasure the volume of Sophie

Jewett's poems, which I am glad to say is in my own library also, for there is much sweetness and fineness and good craftsmanship in the little book. Miss Jewett was another beautiful personality associated with Wellesley College. Yes, there is a gracious spirit of poetry at Wellesley, on the campus out of doors and in the faculty.

* * *

Even nowadays, when it is the literary fashion to prattle in a rather fragmentary and altogether nonchalant way of the body and of the physical sensations of life, it is possible once in a while to find a little healthy idealism expressed in an adequate and imaginative way that makes it, indubitably, poetry. Such an ideal held in the blessed bondage of poetry is the following brief poem by Max Eastman, called "An Invocation." Mothers would do well to read it to sons and daughters.

Truth, be more precious to me than the eyes
Of happy love; burn hotter in my throat
Than passion; and possess me like my pride;
More sweet than freedom, more desired than joy,
More sacred than the pleasing of a friend.

Not long ago I read Vachel Lindsay's Afro-American trilogy which was published in Poetry in June to two young lads in their early teens. They would not admit that they liked it. They said it was "queer stuff." But a few days later I was not much surprised to hear them shouting to one another lines about Simon Legree, or

"King Solomon he had four hundred sweethearts—
We were the sweethearts"

or

"The Queen of Sheba asked him like a lady,
Bowing most politely."

That is one test of the value of popular poetry of the best quality—whether young folk who have heard it will echo and repeat it. It would be a good thing for poets, too, to try out their poems by reading them to children. I know dozens of poems that are good enough to offer grown up people for every one that is good enough to offer a young boy or girl. Children are not deluded by pieties and prejudices and preconceived notions as to what beauty should be. They are naive and impressionable, and, unless bad teaching has created a feeling in them that poetry is a subject for analytical drudgery, they are receptive and responsive to what is rhythmical and imaginative and good.

* * *

Few of the younger women in New York literary circles are doing as many kinds of work as Margaret Widdemer. Although she is still in her twenties she has already published two successful novels and is at work now on a third. She is a member of the Executive board of The Poetry Society and has begun to lecture and give readings of her work. As readers of The Graphic know, she is first of all a poet whose lyric note is sweet and clear and whose craftsmanship is varied and careful.

* * *

Alice Corbin Henderson, associated with Miss Monroe in the editorship of Poetry from the time of the inception of that gallant little magazine, is now sojourning in the West.

* * *

Little Review, so I was told when I called at the office, has moved out to San Francisco. It is nearly time for them to announce the winners of their vers libre prize contest.

* * *

Max Eastman is writing an article on free verse and free rhythm. If it is written as well as his book "The Enjoyment of Poetry" it should be authoritative and illuminating.

* * *

At a meeting of The Midland Authors held in Lake Forest a certain poet was present who has had much to say about the importance of a pattern in making a poem. I made good the opportunity to ask whether a poem might have a pattern that depended on some device other than regular rhythmical structure. As I understood the reply the word "rhythm" may be used rather inclusively to mean not only the measure and beat of the sounds of verse but also the rhythm or cadenced rise and fall of emotion and thought in a poem, the ebb and flow and balance of words and phrases. If these things are to be a part of one's definition of rhythm then, surely, rhythm is essential to the working out of a pattern in a poem. But if we use the word in a more restricted sense, then it might be possible to make an intricate and subtle pattern without any stressed and regular rhythm, simply by the use of contrast and parallelism and symbolism, and many other devices. But definitions are fractious!

* * *

Since coming East I have been told three times, by poets, that I would like Mr. —'s poems much better if only I might meet him! If this means that by meeting a poet I might learn more of his interpretation of life and his theory of art and therefore understand him better and value him more justly, well and good. But if it simply means that the pleasure of acquaintance with an interesting and likable personality would so prejudice me in his favor that I should be unable to recognize blemishes and imperfections in his work, then I should be sorry indeed if anything like that should happen. For a poem is a poem and a poet should be able to recognize its value ten thousand miles away from its maker and with no knowledge of him. And the only persons who should love our work simply because it is ours are our parents, while we are children!

PLAY HOUSES TO BE GAY

By Randolph Bartlett

IF all the plays which the producers have announced for the coming theatrical season should be produced, every play house in New York would have to operate on 24-hour shifts and each piece would not have more than one week to run, providing the time were divided equally among them. One of the favorite indoor sports of July and August is for the press agents and theatrical reporters of the newspapers to find a place where the electric fans are running and the root is left out of the root beer, and there hold engaging conversation in which the names of many stars are bandied back and forth, successful dramatists are exploited, new ones discovered, and all the arrangements made for a highly prosperous and diverting theatrical season to come. So about mid-July there comes the flood of announcements, tentative, of course, and seldom with dates attached, but full of interesting information. The only difficulty for the bystander is figuring out what is information and what is merely the by-product of the press agent beefsteak.

So the half-way house of the warm weather has arrived, and there is just one announcement that sounds important. William Faversham has announced that his offering in the fall will be the first American production of George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." He states, also, that Mr. Shaw, in a personal letter, expresses his intention of coming to this country to witness the production. I think this is a misquotation. I don't believe Mr. Shaw would go across the Strand to see a performance of one of his own plays, for, as he once said when caught in the act of watching such a performance, "I know the play is good, because I wrote it carefully; I came to see if the audience was a success." Mr. Shaw is not interested in knowing what Mr. Faversham might do with his play, but he would be interested in seeing how an American audience accepted it. For it begins to appear that there is a good chance for American audiences becoming educated up to Shaw. They proved last season that they were capable of appreciating Galsworthy, and it is only a step from him to Shaw. The wits must be a trifle more alert and the human sympathies subordinated to the intellect—that is all. Grace George's productions of "Major Barbara" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" were popular novelties last season also. Hence there would seem to be good reason to expect that so capable a producer as Mr. Faversham has proved himself, will make a success of the brilliant satirical drama. It is one long act, but it can be divided to furnish the periods of rest which American audiences require when contemplating this rapid-fire sort of drama.

John D. Williams, who made a reputation for himself from the outset of his career as a producer, with "Erstwhile Susan," in which Mrs. Fiske was the bright and particular luminary, and "Justice," which had been rejected by every other producer in America, will be watched closely, for there is nothing so prevalent as that form of flattery called imitation, in the producing realm. Let one man but make a success, and the other managers think there is going to be a "cycle" of that kind of a piece. Well, all the other managers have declared that Ibsen is a "dead one" in this country, and so Mr. Williams is going to present "An Enemy of the People." This is, to my mind, the lightest and breeziest, and yet at the same time one of the most dramatic in construction, of all the plays by the great Norwegian prophet of the dramatic renaissance. Its thesis, that true nobility lies in adhering to the ideal, regardless of consequence, is so completely platitudinous that it will be understood by New Yorkers, and Mr. Williams can be relied upon to give the piece a production which will interest their eyes. Mrs. Fiske will direct the final rehearsals of the play, but will not appear in the cast herself.

Speaking of Mrs. Fiske reminds me that her husband will return to the producing ranks in the fall, the announcement of this welcome event having reached my notice in the form of the following paragraph, which is an interesting item in connection with my recent review of the doings at the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street: "The supreme artistic success of the season just finished was scored by a producer who, at this time last year, was not a producer at all (Williams), and the most striking and original play seen in New York last year was casually produced by amateurs down in Grand Street. This 'A Night at an Inn,' by Lord Dunsany, has been applauded in these columns so frequently and with such enthusiasm that it is a matter of great satisfaction to be able to report that it will be given on Broadway before Thanksgiving by Harrison Grey Fiske. For a time it seemed as if every producer in America was frantically bidding for the American rights to this splendid one-act play. Mr. Fiske has them."

In what way this will be presented to the world up town, which never heard of the Neighborhood Playhouse, is not stated—whether in vaudeville—which is unlikely—or as part of a bill of one-act pieces. For it begins to appear that the regular theaters are finding that the one-act play can be made a commercial success. The Washington Square Players have moved down town from their modest beginnings at the Bandbox on Fifty-seventh Street, and will resume their interesting operations at the Comedy. They have led the way in this providing of an evening of tabloid variety, since the failure of the Princess Players, under the direction of Holbrook Blinn, for a variety of reasons. I believe that Blinn is entitled to a good share in the credit for the success of the Washington Square coterie, for there are times when the offerings of this new aggregation vividly recall those of the Blinn forces. But it was a new idea, in the Blinn days, and the theater is the most conservative institution in this country. This is not merely because the managers are not appreciative of advanced thought, but because

New York is still less so, and geographical and financial causes force the country as a whole to rely upon New York for its dramatic fare.

Perhaps, the most interesting announcement, as an announcement, is that the Little Theater will reopen with Winthrop Ames again managing its course. This enterprise has been closed down now for a sufficient length of time to permit the public to forget that it was responsible for the award of a \$10,000 prize to Alice Brown's "Children of Earth," perhaps the only play ever published that is worse than any of Percy MacKaye's (what do I care for the libel laws?). But contests are queer things. I cannot, at this moment, recall any contest in the field of art which produced results worth consideration. Remember the Los Angeles prize opera, the Poetry Magazine prize play, the various prize poems one encounters every now and then (Gott strafe them). But Winthrop Ames is a man with ideas and with John D. Williams, Grace George, the Washington Square Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street for associates in getting the public interested in drama that is not mere froth, there should be a sufficient momentum to make the Little Theater, the pioneer in the movement, a success.

There will be two productions of Thackeray novels in drama form. Langdon Mitchell, author of the brilliant satire, "The New York Idea," and also of the dramatization of "Becky Sharp," is working on a stage version of "Pendennis" in which John Drew will play the major. That Mitchell is doing the work is a guarantee of its quality. Here is a man of whom the playgoing and reading public know too little, for the simple reason that he despairs of American audiences and readers. He is an aristocrat, this Mitchell—an intellectual aristocrat of the finest type. He would rather be hanged, drawn and quartered than write the kind of a play that Augustus Thomas would boast among his successes. But here we have another sign that there is a distinct movement to make the theater such a place that it will not be necessary to check one's brains in the cloak room in order not to be bored with the superficialities. Sir Herbert Tree has said that he will present his version of "Colonel Newcome," in which he is reported to have been successful in London ten years ago, but then you can't always tell whether Sir Herbert will keep his engagements.

Arthur Hopkins, another comparatively new producer, whose first big hit was the dramatic version of "Treasure Island," will resume the run of that piece at the Punch and Judy Theater in the fall, and announces a novelty in addition. It is described briefly as a fantasy with a musical accompaniment, and is the work of the Macphersons, who wrote "The King of Nowhere." The title is "The Happy Ending" and it will be given at the Gaiety early in the season, introducing as at least a near-star Miss Margaret Mower, the first of the important members of the Washington Square Players to profit materially by the success of that organization.

George Arliss, now recognized as the greatest character delineator on the American stage through his work of many years culminating in "Disraeli," has been grooming through the provinces, a piece built also around a unique character, the master violinist Paganini, and the play will bear that name. It has been a success throughout the middle west. Louis K. Anspacher, whose career has been one of clever plays that never quite landed, until last season when "The Unchastened Woman" put him in the front ranks of American play writers, has completed a drama in which his talented wife, Kathryn Kidder, will have the stellar part. It is called "That Day," not in anywise to be confused with the Glyn affair, "One Day," and is said to be based upon the thesis that an incident, almost ignored at the time, may have a vital bearing later upon the lives of all concerned. Mr. Anspacher is never dull, and his wife is one of the most distinguished women among American actresses. The combination should prove stimulating to the playgoers though it is not always that Mr. Anspacher considers the average intelligence in his writing. So we must wait to see whether he has been at work on something he wanted to do, or something he thought would succeed.

Several old favorites whose forms and faces have been lamentably absent from Broadway for several years, will return. Laurette Taylor's husband has been working overtime, and will have three plays for her. The announcement reads that the likeable Laurette will appear in these three plays, but this, doubtless, is merely another way of saying that the Manners family believes in preparedness.

Doris Keane has not been on Broadway since her success in Sheldon's "Romance," and the way time flies these days one feels the impulse to remark that this was so long ago that by now she is, probably, playing "character" parts. One is assured, however, that this is not the case, and that she has been as big a hit in London in this play as she was in New York. Her return is not of the early events, however, for it is said that she will not appear until spring, and then in either a piece by Arnold Bennett or another by Sheldon—more preparedness stuff. Then there are always the Morosco offerings, which have been undergoing their preliminary training in Los Angeles. "The Brat" and "Canary Cottage" have attracted the Californians, we hear even at this great distance, and are endeavoring to control our impatience to see them.

For the remainder—a great deal of comedy. In fact, if one were to strike a percentage of the tentative announcements, it appears that not less than ninety to ninety-five per cent of them are for amusement purposes. To attempt to classify these would be too long a task. Later, perhaps, when they sift down to digestible proportions, this can be done in the space of a readably brief article. Meanwhile, one observer remarks, "After a hurried glance over the season's prospectus, you are inclined to wonder why all the theaters are not called the Gaiety, and all the plays not named, like the expected fantasy of the Shubert, 'The Happy Ending.'"

New York, July 21, 1916.

FRANCIS ON SCHOOL SITUATION

J. H. FRANCIS, superintendent of city schools, who is soon to retire to accept a similar position in Columbus, believes that the Graphic erred in its presentation of facts in an editorial in last week's issue, entitled, "Politics in our City Schools." As The Graphic is ever anxious to present fairly the facts regarding any matter of public interest, Mr. Francis was asked to state his understanding of the subject involved. In discussing the question Mr. Francis said:

"As I have been a reader of the Los Angeles Graphic for many years, I found myself startled by this editorial. So strongly convinced am I of the harmful injustice done in this article that I feel compelled to make several corrections of misstatements made in it. It asserted that sixteen teachers were not re-hired. There were fifty. Of these twenty-five were reported by principals and superintendents as being inefficient. The other list of twenty-five included the names of many of the best teachers and principals in this or any other city. They were not recommended by principals or superintendents for dismissal.

"It was stated in the editorial that 'charges had been preferred against these teachers and were on file with the Board of Education,' that 'the Board has repeatedly offered to make public the charges against any or all of the fifteen, upon their individual demands, yet has not been called upon to do so in a single instance.' These statements are strikingly untrue and cast reflection upon those whose character and moral standing is of the highest and has never before been questioned. On the contrary, the Board of Education has said that it had no charges to make against any of these teachers and the teachers themselves have fairly plead and begged of the board to acquaint them with any and all charges that could possibly be made. For weeks they have suffered from cruel doubt and uncertainty, feeling that somehow a serious mistake had been made and not knowing how to correct it. Those who have appeared for 'hearings' have been wholly in the dark as to what they were to meet and combat. Personal prejudices, enmities, jealousies and ambitions on the part of fellow teachers and others have led to the presentation of the most petty and malicious objections and complaints. Since the unfortunate teachers knew nothing of these they were wholly unprepared to meet them. A teacher's reputation is his capital stock. To destroy or compromise it is a worse crime than to burn property.

If the public schools of Los Angeles are to escape a threatened calamity the fear that now paralyzes the department must be eradicated, the scheming unprincipled scoundrelmongers and character assassins eliminated, inimical political and other forces disregarded and the confidence, hope and freedom once so prevalent at our schools must be speedily restored."

Rose-Lily

However the fates had drawn the plan
Or the leaves of time were strown,
Her body belonged to the other man
But her soul was all my own.

You may bind the sheaves of a thousand days
Or scatter the years apart,
But an image fixed in her girlhood stays
And lives—in a woman's heart.

She bore his children upon her breast
And comely they were, and fair;
But the baby lips to her own lips pressed
Should have been my children there.

She gave him loyalty true as death
Or ever he cared or knew;
But I know with every thought and breath
Her soul to me was true.

Though ever she looked on field and woods
Or paced by the lonely sea,
Whoever it was that shared her moods
She looked and walked with me.

However the sands in the hour-glass ran
Or the dial's shadow thrown,
Her body belonged to the other man
But her soul was all my own.

I paid, as a man will pay, the cost
When all was said and done;
I threw the dice for a world, and lost,
I lost: but I lost and won.

For never a star came out to bloom
Nor a shell sang by the sea,
But memory rose and said "make room"
The while she dreamed of me.

And never an iris-lily came
To stand by the river shore,
But a chord she heard of my whispered name
Through days that were no more.

And never a season stirred the clod
Through those divided years,
But what she was mine, still mine, by God!
Or ever her smiles or tears.

For long as it is since our love began
And the grass o'er her grave is blown,
Her body belonged to the other man
But her soul was all my own.

—ERNEST MCGAFFEY

It is estimated that Europe has placed three billion dollars' worth of orders in America since the war began. Statisticians will have to open larger ledgers to contain the names of the new millionaires the country has acquired since the kaiser egged on Austria to commit hari kari.



Natural Gas Abundant

Los Angeles has been well supplied with natural gas this week, only a small percentage of it coming through the mains of the Economic Gas Company, a considerable amount emanating from the vicinity of Eleventh street and the place where Broadway should be, and a still greater volume being supplied by the Economic company office in attempting to explain away certain preferential rates by which it is alleged Edwin T. Earl has been indulging in his favorite pastime of enjoying rebates. Naturally it is William Randolph Hearst's Examiner which is claiming credit for exposing the tactics of the Economic company in allowing preferential rates to eight business concerns or individuals, but the real credit seems to belong to George P. Reuter's Review, which has been harping on the subject for a considerable time. Earl's company was quick to follow the exposure with the filing of a new schedule of rates with the railroad commission, providing a sliding scale of from 64½ cents down to 20 cents. Many customers of the Economic company, I am told, have declined to pay their bills unless given the rates accorded the favored eight and others are likely to follow their example. While Mr. Earl's Tribune is busy replying, in double column, front page, blackface, editorials, to the attacks by Mr. Hearst, he has failed, so far as I have been able to ascertain, to deny that preferential rates were accorded. The burden of the Earl answer seems to be a charge that the Examiner, on its part, is allowing preferential rates to certain of its subscribers. How unfortunate that Yankee ingenuity has not as yet devised a means of putting to use the vast supply of natural fuel which is being wasted upon the California air.

Noiseless Elevated Road

Riding on rubber tires has long ago lost its novelty, but riding on rubber tracks is a new sensation which is soon to be afforded the Los Angeles public, thanks to Paul Shoup, who has seen to it that the Pacific Electric's new elevated from the Main street station to San Pedro street will be as noiseless as the surface lines. Not that the tracks are rubber, but they are laid on the nearest approach to it that engineering science can devise. A dirt fill is to be placed on the steel and concrete elevated and the tracks laid on this fill, thus eliminating much noise. By the new elevated line a great deal of the present congestion on Main street will be relieved. As I understand the plan it is proposed to have Pasadena Short Line cars come in on Main and depart via the elevated, in the mornings, with the plan reversed in the evenings. The Long Beach cars will come in by Seventh and loop around over the elevated. A bridge is to be built from the big waiting room in the Pacific Electric building, across Los Angeles street to the elevated, and much other work done for the convenience of passengers.

Literary Publications Change Hands

Two valued publications coming to my desk for many years have announced changes in ownership and management. Editors of the Trimmed Lamp announce that the Dial Publishing Company has purchased the Trimmed Lamp and will fill the remaining period of subscription with issues of the Dial, and further add that the former editors of the Trimmed Lamp have purchased the Dial, "intending to develop it," so that it "shall be made to express the best literary and artistic feeling of the central west." It appears from a later announcement that the Dial Publishing Company has been re-organized, the complete ownership of the Dial having been acquired from Herbert S. Browne and Waldo R. Browne, worthy successors to Francis F. Browne, the founder of the magazine. The business management of the consolidated publication will be under the direction of Martyn Johnson, and we shall watch with interest the development under the new regime. In the past it has held first place among the literary magazines of the middle west, appealing to all lovers of books and invaluable as a guide to the best in modern literary output. I wish the new owners the best of success in their venture and the full fruition of their hopes.

Passing of Ad Vroman

Though I knew he was in poor health, it was with a decided shock that I read Tuesday of the death of my boyhood playmate, A. C. Vroman, the book dealer and art collector of Pasadena. Ad Vroman was one of my earliest friends and I was fortunate enough to be able to continue to call him friend when our separate ways again brought us together here in California. Once upon a time, in the misty past, Vroman was a telegraph operator, back in his native town of La Salle, Ill. He was an example of inclination overcoming environment, for from that humble position as railway agent he became the best authority in this country on Japanese ivory carving, possessor of valuable art collections and proprietor of one of the most unique book stores in the country, a store in which, without ostentation, he put into effect a profit-sharing scheme when Henry Ford was still an obscure Detroit manufacturer of a little-known automobile. Perhaps the achievement of which Ad Vroman was most proud was the illustrated edition of "Ramona," for which he

furnished a fine collection of his own photographs and the introduction to which he wrote. It was a labor of love that was its own reward to the bookman, who, incidentally, had become deeply interested in the study of the American Indian. Vroman's fine group of Japanese ivories was purchased by Mrs. Russell Sage for presentation to an eastern museum. I believe it was the Metropolitan. Mrs. Sage stipulated that she should have the right to submit the collection to examination by an expert and the museum was asked to recommend someone. The reply was that the best authority on the subject was A. C. Vroman of Pasadena, California. The transaction was completed without further negotiations.

Quietus Put on Press Club Book

There will be no beautifully illustrated "annual"—well filled with advertising—brought out by the Press Club this fall, I hear, and the reason therefore need not be sought in the office of the Times, always an enemy to the newspaper men's organization. Street rumor has it that the cause for the abandonment of the fine scheme the Press Club officials had devised for replenishing the treasury may be found in another office, much farther south, where, it is intimated, a hint was carried to the members of the staff, who happened also to belong to the Press Club, that if the scheme to get out a club book and solicit advertising for it were persisted in their resignations would be expected. The hint was taken, without waiting for the kick, and the "dummy" of the Press Club book seems to have vanished from sight, while the solicitors engaged to interview prospective advertisers are seeking other outlets for their energy. Doubtless, in the bashful response to solicitations for advertising in the mid-winter numbers of the papers is to be found the reason for the stand of those in authority against the Press Club book. Competition from any source was sure to be unwelcome, but to have it come from their own employes proved too bitter a dose to swallow.

Banquet For Harry Carr

It was the General himself who introduced Harry Carr, I understand, at the banquet which the department heads of the Times gave last Saturday evening for the returned war correspondent. And the General was sincere in his expressions of gratitude for the service which Harry has rendered the Times, though, I dare say, difference of opinion regarding the value of this service has within the last two years prevailed in the circulation department. However, that Harry Carr is, in the editorial department, the bright particular star of the Times cannot be gainsaid; indeed I yield to no one in my admiration for Harry's brilliant pen, though I have found his conclusions regarding the European war more amusing than convincing. It was a well deserved tribute which the Times staff paid him.

Proposes New Pasadena Highway

Going to Pasadena via the Sunset boulevard may seem a little round-about to automobile drivers, but Secretary Standish Mitchell and other officials of the Automobile Club assure the supervisors that it will not be, provided the county sees fit to construct, with convict labor, about four miles of highway. Before the county board Mitchell presented a map which shows that the road would be a trifle less than nine miles in length, five of which are already paved and ready for use. The route he proposes would extend by Sunset boulevard to Chavez ravine, through beautiful Elysian Park and across the Los Angeles river to where the Verdugo road connects with the San Fernando boulevard, thence on the Verdugo road and Central avenue in Eagle Rock to the Arroyo Seco viaduct at Colorado street, Pasadena. That another road to Pasadena is greatly needed all autoists agree, and the proposed route seems a feasible one. It is by such activities as these that the Automobile Club is doing much to make California known as the finest touring country in America.

Cummock School Moves Westward

My congratulations to Miss Helen Augusta Brooks and her associates in the direction of Cummock School of Expression upon the advantageous site they have secured on Vermont avenue for the new buildings of the institution. It came as a pleasurable surprise to learn that the beautiful bit of ground which has been comprised within the Bimini hotel property was to be devoted to the use of this popular school. Thirty-six lots are contained in the holding and even after provision is made for the two additional buildings which it is proposed to erect, in addition to remodeling the present Bimini hotel, there will be afforded exceptional facilities for outdoor recreation and physical education. The new buildings are to face Vermont avenue, I am told, thus adding to the dignity of that thoroughfare, which already has the State Normal, Manual Arts High, the West Side Intermediate and several grammar schools. The new structures will have a combined frontage of 232 feet and will be joined by an arcade. They will have white plastered walls and will suggest the Spanish time of architecture. The move seems a wise one for Cummock, which is fast being crowded from its present Figueroa street site by the encroachment of business.

Gail Johnson Heads a Grand Jury

That a man like Gail B. Johnson takes his civic duties so seriously that he is willing to devote time to acting as foreman of the Federal grand jury, instead of seeking to avoid service, as do so many men, is an example which should have an encouraging effect upon our citizenship. How Mr. Johnson can spare the time from his arduous duties as vice-president of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company I am at a loss to understand. But Gail B. Johnson is of the type of men who consider that certain obligations go with the ballot. The calling of the grand jury so early was made necessary, I hear, by demand for several investigations

in which time is of distinct importance. There are many prominent citizens on the jury, among them I note the names of Fielding J. Stilson, A. J. Wallace, Joseph Y. Baruh, and Charles Seyler, Jr. Mr. Johnson was appointed foreman by Judge Trippett.

Large Doheny Purchases

No wonder E. L. Doheny could not make the race for the United States senatorship. From announcements of large Doheny oil deals, which have just been forthcoming, it is evident that Mr. Doheny has had something on his mind beside politics these last few months. San Francisco reports tell us that he has paid \$1,800,000 cash for 10,000 acres of the Bell ranch in the Santa Maria Oil field and in addition the Los Angeles man has bought for \$800,000 the Fairfield Oil Company's holdings in the McKittrick district. Not merely is Mr. Doheny's largest purchase valuable for its oil deposits, but it is likewise of agricultural possibilities which have never been realized, but which, under Mr. Doheny's guiding hand, may be expected to be utilized.

Uplifters Hear Doctors

Having had a "spring poet's dinner" it was to be expected that the Uplifters of the Los Angeles Athletic Club would feel the need of medical aid. It was given them Wednesday night in the form of a "doctor's dinner" at which verbal physic was administered by several of the city's well known physicians who wish their names suppressed less they too frequently receive similar calls. Dr. Albert Soiland, whose activities likewise include yachting, was in charge of the affair, which was largely attended.

To Occupy Marble Homestead

College of Music, University of Southern California, will move into new and larger quarters August 1, according to an announcement made yesterday by Dean Walter F. Skeele. The new home will be at Thirty-second street and Figueroa, in the beautiful building known as the "Marble Homestead," which has been extensively altered and improved to make room for numerous studios, offices, practice rooms, study and recital halls, etc. The College of Music thus becomes practically one of the group of "campus colleges" of the University, since its new location is only three or four minutes' walk from the campus at Thirty-fifth street and University avenue. As in the past, a branch of the College will be maintained in the Central building, Anaheim, and a second branch will be established in Blanchard Hall, this city. Most of the instruction, however, will go forward at the new home of the college. The change in location is necessitated by the rapid increase in the number of students at the College of Music which was founded thirty years ago, and has doubled in size within the last few years. Fourteen prominent musicians of the city are enrolled on its faculty, and nearly 250 students attend its sessions. The degree of Bachelor of Music is offered to students who present the proper entrance credentials, and successfully complete the course of study. Diplomas and certificates are also given.

National Touring Week

To pick out seven particular days and designate them under the title "National Touring Week" seems pitifully inadequate to the California motorist, accustomed as he is to touring every week of the fifty-two. But mindful of the encouragement which should be extended to his fellow in other states, where touring means bumping for ten or twelve hours a day over roads conceived before the era of the self-propelled vehicle, the Californian will give enthusiastic support to "National Touring Week" and the magnificent highways of this state may be a little more crowded than usual from August 6 to 12. Autoists throughout the country have been urged by civic bodies and automobile associations to prepare to make a tour between those dates. It is hoped that the demonstration will impress the highway commissioners of backward states of the importance and necessity of keeping up the good roads movement.

Glorification of Sport

These be great days for the ennoblement of Sport with a capital S. No longer let the scoffer refer to golf as "chasing a white pill over a cow pasture" and to tennis as a child's pastime. Remarks made by the army officers in charge of the citizens' military training camp at Monterey have made their way outside the lines of that encampment and as a result the stay-at-home has been convinced that his fellow who delighted in a Saturday half-holiday on the links, the courts or the polo field has not been the "nut" he has frequently been regarded. It is the testimony of the regular army officers that these civilians who have been accustomed to indulging regularly in sports are even superior in stamina to the regular army private and the work they have been performing about Monterey in making long marches, building bridges, maintaining camp and converting themselves into practical soldiers in thirty days is the wonder of the authorities. Occasionally the rookies are given opportunity to indulge in their favorite sports. Polo always has been an army game and the polo contingent of this section is well represented in the Saturday games at Del Monte by Lloyd Macy, Rufus Spalding and Tod Ford of Pasadena, F. L. Baxter of Santa Barbara and Alvin Untermyer and H. G. Pattee of Riverside. Bill Bacon, apostle of golf, is at the camp, as are also A. T. Jergins, Norman Kerr, J. N. Irving, Joe Bumiller and others not unknown to fame on the links hereabouts. There are fewer notable tennis players at Monterey, but a larger proportion of men who have played the game purely for the exercise it has brought them and who continue to enjoy it at intervals between sweeping up the company streets. Incidentally, baseball has not been forgotten. The Monterey training camp is proving, indirectly, the greatest stimulus for sport in California that has been apparent for a long time.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY will be remembered by Los Angeles musicians as one of the most interesting artists who has visited us. Mr. Perry reached the high altitude in art which he has held through more than three thousand recitals, in spite of his blindness. Or shall we say, because of this reduction in the senses. His nature is one of the most sensitive, his mental poise one of the most delicately discriminative, his sense of musical values one of the most intellectually balanced of which I know; and who can say that these mental and musical faculties would have been brought to this perfection had his mind been distracted by the sense of sight? I know of no pianist who has done more for the real musical culture of the youth of America than this artist. He has not had the acclaim of a Paderewski, the vociferous crowds, the flood of dollars. But playing three thousand recitals to audiences averaging, say five hundred in each, makes a total audience of a million and a half of hearers. But more: Mr. Perry combines with his recitals descriptive lectures, couched in the most beautiful diction. He does not trouble his listeners with technicalities, but rather approaches them from the literary side. Largely he chooses program music of the best class—music that tells, or that he thinks, tells a story. Now it really is Mr. Perry who tells the story, and he does it exquisitely; but he makes his auditors see the musical parallel and they think the music is telling it to them. But the main point is that he is interesting them in a high class of music. From the more programmatic music he leads them to that which is music for music's sake, not for the sake of the story. And the sum total of musical uplift he has given the country is incalculable.

This was not to write a panegyric of Mr. Perry, but merely as introductory to an idea of his in an article in the current copy of "The Music Student." He whimsically calls attention to the two adjectives which are the all-in-all of the average persons vocabulary when discussing music. They are "pretty" and "lovely." He shows how these two words do duty from a rag-time tune to a Beethoven symphony; from the "flowers that bloom in the spring" to Wotan's "Farewell." And in closing he suggests that teachers of "musical appreciation" compile a vocabulary of half a dozen musical adjectives appropriate to as many conditions and impart the same to their pupils. Or, in cases of particular mental strength and musical discrimination, the list might be extended to a full dozen! And we might add, copies of the same well could be circulated among the damsels of the daily press who are hidden in no uncertain terms by their city editors to forsake, for the nonce, the realms of the high tea and the "charming function" and "do" the concert of the peripatetic artist.

Manager Behymer announces that the Philharmonic courses next season will contain seven numbers each. The arrangement has not been announced, but the artists on the various courses were noted in a preceding issue of The Graphic. Nearly a hundred first class concerts and operas already are billed for the coming year.

Mr. Behymer at this writing is in the east visiting the wholesalers of musical attractions. It is announced that Shelbyville, Illinois, learning of his coming had arranged a preparedness parade, whether in self defense or in honor of the return of a prodigal, is not stated.

Next Monday night, Edwin Lemare, the celebrated English organist, will give an organ recital at the Van Nuys high school, where a new instrument recently was installed. It is a pity that Mr. Lemare can not be heard in Los Angeles, where there are possibly three instruments really worthy of such a master hand, the Auditorium, the Trinity and the First Congregational. It seems a pity that so great an organist should be relegated to country school organs. The uninformed might question the standing

of a performer who thus plays in the smaller communities and ask how a really noted organist could have the time for the small "burgs." As I hear it, there is a story back of Lemare's presence in California with so much spare time on his hands. It seems that he entered into a contract which included the supervising of the setting up of the Exposition organ in the civic auditorium at San Francisco. But musicians are not expert business men, and Lemare overlooked the fact that no time limit was set on his obligation and so he had to wait the pleasure of the others to the contract and "sit round" until they got ready to move the instrument. There was a whisper last Spring that Lemare was to receive the appointment of Municipal organist of San Francisco, but this plum seems not to have fallen to him yet. There is another organist in San Francisco whom the city would do itself proud to give this position and that is Clarence Eddy, who stands at the head of American organists and who is recognized through the whole musical world as one of the best American musical products. It remains to be seen whether San Francisco prefers the American or the Englishman.

Audrey St. Clair Creighton, an advanced pupil of Mrs. Thilo Becker, is planning a trip to New York to have her artistic try-out in the metropolis. Miss Creighton has studied with Mrs. Thilo Becker for eight years, beginning when she was about eleven. She has become well grounded in the technical and expressive capabilities of her instrument as Mrs. Becker is most thorough in her instruction. Musically gifted, having an attractive stage presence and with the thorough course of training which she has had in these years, this young woman has the best wishes of many friends for her further success. Prior to her visit planned to New York she will pass several months in San Francisco.

Adolf Tandler, conductor of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra, is the subject of a flattering notice in a recent issue of the "Musical Courier" accompanied by a first page picture. Mr. Tandler is at work on his programs for the coming season and promises the most interesting assortment of orchestral numbers that have been offered by the local orchestra.

And speaking of Director Tandler, trying to hold up my end of a conversation one day, I asked a barber if he attended the Tandler symphony concerts. The answer was, "Naw! I believe in reciprocity. He don't patronize my business why should I patronize his?" I had nothing to answer him but possibly should have asked what he would do in the case of the Hertz concerts in San Francisco!

New York musical papers are extending the glad hand to our own "B" on his annual visit to the metropolis to set things straight therein for another year. The "Musical Courier" presents a page of the Behymer biography and "Musical America" gives his musical program in Los Angeles for next season, both accompanied by the coy countenance of the western impresario.

When the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, comes to Los Angeles, next season, it will bring Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist, as soloist, instead of Josef Hoffman, who was heard on the last tour. After the profitable engagement of this orchestra at Trinity last season, it is good for at least five full houses in Los Angeles on the next appearance.

Not long ago a book on music by Thomas W. Surette, was adopted as a text-book by the Federation of Music Clubs. That means a large advertisement for Mr. Surette. Now comes the author and pays his compliments to the music club idea as follows, in the "Atlantic Monthly": "Women's clubs provide a certain sort of musical life to small communities. They foster the performance by members of rather varie-

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gated programs of pianoforte pieces and songs, with an occasional concert by a paid performer from abroad, and they sometimes make a study of a composer or of a period of music. Many of them lose sight of the only possible means of vitally influencing the musical life of their own members and of the community at large." All of which should prove of interest to the woman's musical club.

Mabel Rigelmann, who will be remembered as singing the part of Gretel, in Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel," when it was given at Temple auditorium by the Chicago Opera Company, will enter the forces of the Boston Opera Company, next season, under the management of Max Rabinoff, and doubtless will be heard here again when that company sings here next spring.

Dr. Wullner, who will be remembered for his dramatic singing here a few years ago, at Blanchard hall and again on the Orpheum stage, has abandoned the vocal stage and is giving dramatic recitals in Germany. One would think Germany had little need of more tragedy, and Wullner does not lean to the lighter or more humorous themes as his principal subject is an arrangement of Goethe's "Faust."

It seems that Otto Kahn, chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company had promised something like a thousand singers that Director Gatti-Casazza would personally hear them and pass on their operatic possibilities. This probably accounts for the hasty trip taken by the latter to Europe this summer. It is preferable to face the Austrian army than a thousand disappointed operatic aspirants.

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Seventeenth year opens Sept. 19, 1916
Summer School now in session
Accredited to West Point, eastern and western universities. Finest equipment.
Rt. Rev. J. H. Johnson (Bishop Episcopal Diocese) President of Board.
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Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

FUN, froth and frivolity make enjoyable summer entertainment of the current bill at the Orpheum. There is but one serious spot on the diverting program and even that is handled with so light a touch that it brings but a passing pang of regret to those who see in "The Might Have Beens." Edna Brothers' little sketch, visions of the children who might have been their own. Beautiful indeed, a perfect example of the artistry of modern fashion blended with the smartest effects of the vaudeville "song and patter" act, is the offering of Melville Ellis and Irene Bordoni. Ellis proves himself the master of several arts, for it is he who is responsible for the colorful setting of the act and for the designing of Miss Bordoni's truly stunning gowns, while he also keeps up his end of the turn with his work at the piano. There is a French touch about his dark-eyed companion, which is all the better if it is not her heritage by birth.

"Wayward Conceit." The huge Harry Tighe and the diminutive Sylvia Jasen jolly each other with as much freshness as though their lines were impromptu. Libonita dances before a xylophonist to the ragtime he, himself, produces.

Offerings on the Screen

Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgley, a combination that may not as yet have achieved the fame which is accorded to a few of the favorites of the screen but which is daily becoming more popular, have been seen this week at Woodley's in an excellent photoplay, "The Selfish Woman." The picture, which is a version of Hector Turnbull's story, is blessed with a good plot and as usual with Paramount offerings is full of plausible incident. As a drama of domestic strife it is above most of its class.

Perhaps, the best excuse for the existence of "Sally in Our Alley," which



KOSLOFF AND MASLOVA, COMING TO THE ORPHEUM

as Ellis claims. The piquant Gallic air with which she sings "Pretty Baby" should long be a cherished memory with those who hear her. For roller skating to hold interest in these days of the ice fad it must be of super-quality and of such is the graceful work of Jack G. McLallen and May Carson, who open the bill. They do not merely skate but perform real dances on rollers, clogging, tangoing and one-stepping. The Werner and Amoros company juggle a little, tumble a bit, produce genuine music and much fun, all under the title of an "European novelty." One of the four does a Charlie Chaplin imitation that out-Chaplins our most noted citizen. Judged on the basis of applause, Murray Bennett, a Yiddish singing comedian, is by all odds the big hit of the week. His wheezes are fairly new and his manner of putting them over is most unusual. Clark and Hamilton are the best of the holdovers, repeating their well named

has been shown at the Garrick this week in connection with the Charlie Chaplin "Vagabond," is that it brings to the screen the beauty of Muriel Ostriche. No wonder she became an artist's model, in the simple little story the film tells—she is well fitted to afford inspiration of a higher order than is indicated in the photoplay. Carlyle Blackwell is as handsome as is necessary in a man playing opposite the lovely Muriel.

"Outcast" at the Morosco

From a season of elaborate productions of new shows, the Morosco Company will return temporarily to a feature stock offering, beginning with Sunday afternoon's matinee, in the first production here in stock of Hubert Henry Davies' famous success "Outcast." The play has been seen here once before when it was presented by the original New York company with Elsie Ferguson in the leading role. At that time,

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Last week, MELVILLE ELLIS, at the Piano; IRENE BORDONI, in Songs.
Orchestral Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe semi-weekly News Views.

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NINE DAYS—BEGINNING SATURDAY, JULY 29

Mary Pickford in "Hulda From Holland"



GARRICK THEATRE

Shows at 11-1-3-5-7-9

Crane Wilbur in "Wasted Years"

Mr. Crane Wilbur will appear in person at every evening performance.

Fourth Week of CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "The Vagabond"

Miller's Theatre

842 So. Main St.

ONE WEEK ONLY STARTING SUNDAY

THEDA BARA in "UNDER TWO FLAGS"

Don't miss marvellous Theda as Cigarette, the girl of the desert in Ouida's colorful tale of action, fire and romance.

as in the East, it was hailed as the greatest drama of many years, such it should prove in the hands of the exceptionally competent company at the Morosco Theater. In the part made famous by Elsie Ferguson will be seen the charming actress, Mary Servoss, and it will give her first real opportunity since coming to Los Angeles to show her real worth as one of America's greatest women players. The production of "Outcast" will also mark the return to the Morosco forces of the popular actor, Edmund Lowe, who for several weeks has been out of the city in productions of "The Brat." Others in this specially selected cast will be Fred Tiden, Gertrude Maitland, Joseph Eggenton, Douglas MacLean, Marjorie Davis, and Norma Winslow. The production will be under the personal direction of A. Burt Wesner.

ries of comical mysteries that proceed at farcical speed. The play is produced under the direction of Fred J. Butler, while the large cast includes such favorites as Paul Harvey, Edith Lyle, Dora Mae Howe, Frank Darien, Mary Baker, Margaret Shelly, Vera Lewis, Warner Baxter, Winifred Bryson, Ralph Bell, John Burton, Nan Carter, and many other favorites.

"Brat" Will Close

With a matinee performance today at 2:15 and an evening performance at 8:15 Oliver Morosco's wonderfully successful comedy, "The Brat," by Maude Fulton, will bid farewell to Los Angeles. "The Brat" ran eleven weeks in Los Angeles, breaking the "Peg O' My Heart" record for biggest receipts.

Russian Dancers Coming to Orpheum

What is undoubtedly the supreme dancing sensation of the Orpheum's season is the announced appearance for the week beginning Monday matinee of Theodore Kosloff, the noted exponent of the Ballet Russe, with Vlasta Maslova, premiere danseuse, their own ballet, and the Kosloff orchestra, in a seasonal series of Russian dances. These artists, all of the topmost rank in Russia, came over with the original Russian ballet, and made a deep and lasting impression in New York. The engagement brings a complete miniature ballet and complete orchestra, as well as the principals, and also highly effective futuristic settings and costumes, especially designed for this tour by Leon Bakst, the great Russian colorist. With this

New Comedy at Burbank

In the line of splendid new productions at the Burbank Theater will be "The Fibber," a new comedy which will be given its first presentation on any stage. "The Fibber" is by Grace Livingston Furniss, author of "The Man on the Box" and other successes, and should prove one of the best offerings of the season as it will have the most beautiful fashion creations from London and Paris have been secured for this production. The story of "The Fibber" deals with a strange series of happenings, in the high-class colony of New York. The hero assumes the name of the chief character in a book written by the heroine of the play, resulting in a se-

great presentation goes a complete vaudeville bill, a notable feature being Claire Rochester, a charming southern girl who possesses a wonderful double voice, singing soprano and baritone

came so insistent in their requests that the film be continued that it was impossible to deny them. Through the diverting of another copy of the film, already sent on its way to Kansas City, it was

surrounded by an unrivalled environment are beautifully balanced. The picture will hold particular value for the action in every instance is founded upon fact. Winfield Hogaboom, the author, has put together an historic photodrama that California may well be proud of. Months of research were employed by him in the search for authentic data and the result will stand as the first correct visualization of a story marvelously rich in romance and strife.

SHRAPNEL

"She trumped his ace."
"Did he say anything?"
"He couldn't have said more if he had been married to her."—Detroit Free Press.

"What you said about Jack isn't worth repeating."
"It's young yet; give it time!"—Record.

We take from a Sumatra paper a list of certain words which the Germans in their patriotic ardor propose to substitute for the English sporting terms formerly in use: Golf—Locherballspiel. Cricket—Dreistabenschlagerspiel. Leg before—Beinenschwindel. Not out—Nochnichtabgemacht. Wicket—Dreistabeneinrichtung. Half-time—Halbspiel-wartepause. Hands—Handefehler. Start—Abgangsstelle. Starter—Hauptabgangsstelleaufschichtsvorsteher. We can now understand the position of the German who says he has no time for sport.—Punch.

Battery A—I hear we are going to carry our pistols in our belts.
Battery B—Just my luck. I wear suspenders.—Sun-Dial.

Daddy: Jeannette, if I allow young Simpson to become my son-in-law, do you suppose he will be willing to work and support you?
Jeannette: Oh, Dad, how can he when he has promised to do nothing but think of me all the time?—Puck.

Wife—I must send these shoes back.
Hubby—What's the matter, don't they fit you?
Wife—Yes, perfectly, but I ordered a size smaller.—Judge.

"Do you think your father will object to our getting married?"
"No; but I'll tell you how to make sure that he won't."
"How?"
"Don't ask him until after the first of the month."
"Why?"
"In the meantime I'll run up a lot of bills and after they come in he'll be dead willing to get rid of me."—Detroit Free Press.

"Jones' plans are decidedly characteristic of the man."
"How so?"
"Why, they won't work."—Judge.

"What good is a battleship?" the recalcitrant Villa is credited with remarking upon being urged by his officers to acquire a fleet. "It's too big to drink out of."—N. Y. Telegraph.

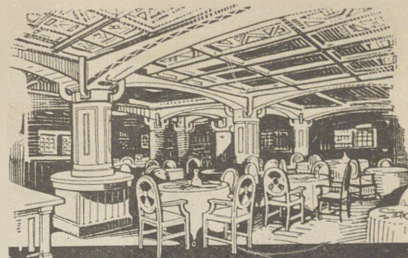
"Pop, what do we mean by economy?"
"Spending money in such a way as not to get any fun out of it, my son."—Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 31994
Estate of Emma A. Culver, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Emma A. Culver, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of A. B. Shaw, Jr., his attorney, Suite 334, Title Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emma A. Culver, deceased, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
Dated July 29th, 1916.
A. B. SHAW, Administrator.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

The undersigned do hereby certify that they are conducting, as co-partners, the business of buying and selling automobiles and automobile accessories, under the firm name and style of Reilly Motor Car Co., at 1228-1230 South Flower street, in the City of Los Angeles, California, and that the names and addresses of the members of said co-partnership are as follows:
George W. Reilly, Sr., Seattle, Washington.
Herbert H. Reilly, Seattle, Washington.
George W. Reilly, Jr., 545 West 40th Place, Los Angeles, Cal.



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FOURTH AT SPRING

GEORGE W. REILLY, JR.
GEO. W. REILLY, SR.
HERBERT H. REILLY.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss. On this 22nd day of June, in the year 1916, before me, A. B. Shaw, a notary public, in and for said county and state, residing therein, and duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George W. Reilly, Jr., known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal.
(Notarial Seal) A. B. SHAW, JR.,
Notary Public in and for said county and State of California.

State of Washington, County of King, ss. On this 26th day of June, in the year 1916, before me, M. H. Cushing, a Notary Public, in and for said County and State, residing therein, and duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George W. Reilly, Sr. and Herbert H. Reilly, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

(Notarial Seal) M. H. CUSHING,
Notary Public in and for said County and State of Washington.

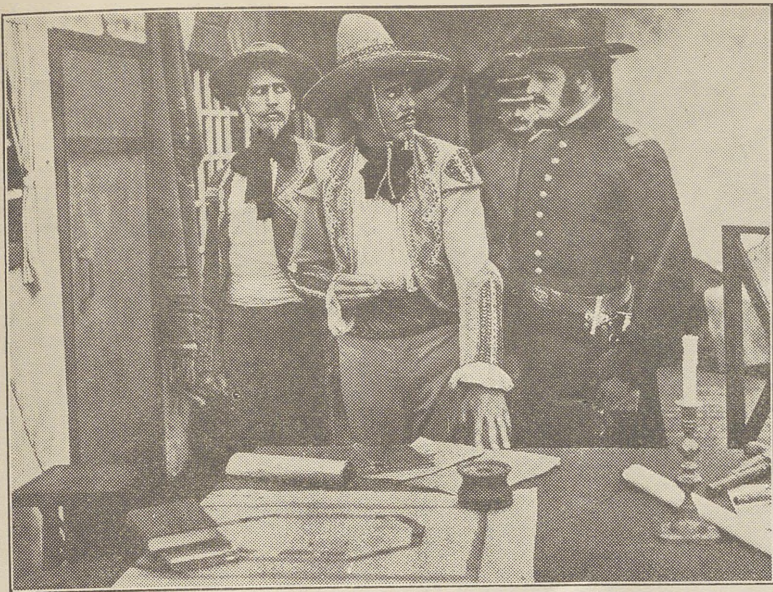
State of Washington, County of King, ss. No. 10442.

I, W. K. Sickels, County Clerk of King County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of King, the same being a Court of Record, do hereby certify that M. H. Cushing, the person whose name is subscribed to the annexed acknowledgment, certificate of proof or affidavit, and before whom the same was taken, was a Notary Public in and for said State, duly appointed and commissioned; that by virtue of his said office, he is authorized to take acknowledgements and proofs of deeds or conveyances of lands, tenements and hereditaments situate, lying and being in said State of Washington, and to administer oaths.

I do further certify that I am acquainted with the handwriting of the said M. H. Cushing, and verily believe the name subscribed to the said annexed acknowledgment, certificate of proof or affidavit, is his proper and genuine signature, and that the same is executed according to the laws of the State of Washington.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court at Seattle, King County, Washington, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1916.

W. K. SICKELS, Clerk.
By Jno. T. Frater, Deputy.
(Seal of the Superior Court of King County, Washington.)
U.S.I.R.S. 10 cents, affixed and cancelled.



SCENE FROM "A DAUGHTER OF THE DON"

equally well. Kramer & Morton, "two black dots" will have a funny negro duologue, and Consul, the best educated monkey in the world, with his "adopted sister," Betty, will appear. It is also to be a notable week because of the retention of Melville Ellis and Irene Bordoni, Edna Brothers and Company in "The Might Have Beens," McLallen and Carson in their futuristically smart roller skating and dancing, and Murray Bennett, in his clever story and song stunt.

Mary Pickford at Woodley

Naturally the announcement that Mary Pickford is to be shown at the Woodley Theater is accompanied by the statement that the picture will be put on Saturday, instead of Monday, as is the usual rule of the house. Seven days is all too short a time to accommodate the crowds that flock to see her, so Mr. Woodley will open today with the latest Mary Pickford, "Hulda from Holland," in which the screen favorite has many startling adventures, landing in America with her three little brothers, learning to dance for an Italian organ grinder, falling through a skylight into the studio of a young artist. It is a photoplay in which Mary has fine opportunities for the display of her truly charming personality, which has enraptured so many millions of picture lovers.

Fourth Week for Superba Film

One more week of "God's Country and the Woman," beginning Monday, is the



Dora Mae Howe, Burbank

announcement the Superba makes. This is a real case of "imperative demand," too; all arrangements had been made to put on "The Silent Battle" the coming week, and the "God's Country" film had been released by the Superba, but the attending throngs and the many unable to secure admittance night after night be-

made possible for the Superba to retain this one for its fourth week, beginning Monday—a record run here.

Actor to Appear at Garrick

Crane Wilbur will be featured next week at the Garrick Theater in the photoplay, "Wasted Years," and the actor is to appear in person at every evening performance. So great has been the popularity of the Charlie Chaplin film, "The Vagabond," that it will be continued for a fourth week.

Theda Bara in "Under Two Flags"

There Bara in "Under Two Flags" is the attraction scheduled to open a week's



UNDER TWO FLAGS
WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION

engagement at Miller's Theater Sunday. This latest William Fox production is declared to be one of the finest pictures that company has ever released and Miss Bara's portrayal of the part of Cigarette, the girl of the desert, is said to surpass anything this marvelous artist has ever done. It is a role that admirably suits her. "Under Two Flags" is Ouida's masterpiece and is a play of swift sharp action and fire. Added attractions will be a new "Mutt and Jeff" comedy and the latest Hearst International News Pictorial.

Picture of Southern California

Reproduction of the old Los Angeles plaza and the Fort Hill stockade as these existed in 1846 and 1847 is one of the many remarkable features in "The Daughter of the Don" that will have its premiere in this city at the Maie theater, Sunday night, August 13. The first showing of this ten reel historic masterpiece should hold special interest for Southern Californians for the action throughout is located in the southland. Its appeal, however, is nation-wide, for in the epoch of which it treats, the Mexican war was fought and won and California was ushered into the Union. Romance and war beneath sunny skies and

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

IN compliment to Mr. Andrew Wier, the oil magnate of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny entertained with a smartly appointed dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Chester Place. Roses were used principally in the decorations, quantities of the beautiful blossoms being arranged throughout the rooms in a color scheme of pink and yellow. Following the dinner a film showing was made of one of Charlie Chaplin's new photoplays and also views were given of the Doheny oil wells. Later Miss Agnes Faulkner gave several aesthetic dances. Among the guests were Mr. Wier, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Regua of Oakland, Sir Beer-bohm Tree and Miss Iris Tree, Mrs. Herbert G. Wylie and Mr. Wier's associate, Mr. McClellan.

Attractive among the recent society affairs was the charmingly appointed luncheon given Friday of last week by Miss Lucy Clark of St. James Park. The affair given at Hotel Clark was in honor of Mrs. Eugene P. Clark and Miss Gwendolin Laughlin. The former, who was Miss Constance Byrne, is one of the winsome young brides of the season, and has only recently returned from her honeymoon trip through the southern and northern part of the state. Miss Laughlin returned home recently from an extended eastern trip. The luncheon appointments were artistically carried out in a color arrangement of black and yellow, marigolds being used, with black vases and candlesticks, the latter being shaded in the golden tone of the marigolds. Places at the table were arranged for twenty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., were host and hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner given at the Midwick Country Club, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies of Paris, who are visiting here as guests of Mrs. MacMonnies' mother, Mrs. John P. Jones. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mrs. John P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig, Dr. and Mrs. William A. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mrs. Frederick Reynolds, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Dan McFarland, Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McKee, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Balch, Miss Leila Holterhoff and Mr. Alfred Wilcox.

Delightfully informal was the luncheon party given Friday by Mrs. W. D. Woolwine for about thirty of her friends. The affair was given at the summer home of the hostess at Hermosa Beach. The guests enjoyed the dainty repast down on the sands, being seated beneath large and gay-colored Japanese parasols.

One of the most delightful affairs of the season in which the younger set has participated was the beautifully appointed dancing party given Wednesday evening by Miss Evelyn Johnson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Milbank Johnson. The affair given at the home of the young hostess proved particularly enjoyable. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson received with their daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Rolden Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh and Mr. J. Leslie Webb assisted. Among the guests invited were Miss Louise Forve, Miss Olga Simpson, Miss Elizabeth Urnston, Miss Julia Hayward, Miss Lucile G. Phillips, Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff, Miss Marion Kerckhoff, Miss Marie Gray, Miss Dorothy Gray, Miss Rosemary Rollins, Miss Harriet Wagner, Miss Julia Valentine, Miss Alice Williams, Miss Katherine Quinn, Miss Nubelle Boice, Miss Gene Heck, Miss Mildred Wellborn, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Anne Louise Albright, Miss Katherine Albright, Miss Margaret Mortensen, Miss Corinne Eisenmayer, Miss Janet Pendergast, Miss Margaret Scoville, Mr. Lee Milbank, Mr. George Griffith, Mr. Frank Simpson, Mr. Gene Hyatt, Mr. Laflin Miller, Mr. Marshall McComb, Mr. Donald Witherbee, Mr. Harold Witherbee, Mr. Victor Forve, Mr. Tip Rodman, Mr. Holley Hammond, Mr.

Cole, Mr. Lindley Gillis, Mr. Lorenzo Duque, Mr. Sterling Willis, Mr. Charles Thomas, Mr. Francis Miller, Mr. Hamilton Rollins, Mr. Gates Rollins, Mr. Kenneth Caldwell, Mr. Clyde Pendergast, Mr. Paul Pendergast, Mr. Al Mesmer, Mr. Lloyd Porter, Mr. Wilcox Drake, Mr. Richard Bullis, Mr. William Metz and Mr. Olin Wellborn.

Miss Louise Forve was the gracious young hostess Tuesday of a most charming luncheon. The affair was informal and was given at the home of Miss Forve on Westlake avenue. Guests included several girl friends. Mr. and Mrs. Forve and family left later in the week for a month's outing in the north. They will divide their time between Del Monte and Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Colcock Jones entertained Wednesday with a bridge tea at her home on Occidental boulevard. About thirty guests were invited in for the game, these being joined by a number of other friends for the tea.

Mrs. Alexander Barrett of Hollywood was hostess Thursday at a prettily appointed luncheon. A score or more of guests were invited in for the occasion, which was informal and the dainty repast was served in the garden. Mrs. Barrett was assisted by her mother, Mrs. R. P. McJohnston. The affair was given in compliment to Mrs. Charles Peyton and Mrs. Richard Esterbrook, two charming visitors here.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin are enjoying a northern trip of two or three weeks. Their itinerary will include San Francisco and Lake Tahoe. Mr. Goodwin had expected to join the encampment at Monterey, but his duties as manager of the Hotel Alexandria were such that he was unable to remain away long enough to do so.

Mrs. Charles Peyton who is here from the south to visit her daughter, Mrs. Forrest Stanton, is being delightfully entertained while in Los Angeles. Thursday evening she was the guest of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton at their home on Andrews boulevard. She also was the complimented guest at the luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett of Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Stanton, at present are occupying a cozy beach cottage at Hermosa Beach.

Mrs. William Friesner and her son, Mr. James Friesner, are domiciled at a cozy bungalow at Idylwild for the remainder of the season. Quite a number of other prominent Los Angeles folk are sojourning in that picturesque mountain resort and still others are planning to join the local contingent later in the season. Dr. and Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow and three children also are there for a short stay. Mrs. Emil Ducommun and her sister, Miss Carrie Shemwell, are occupying a cottage there as are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Forrester and child, Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Williams and children. Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler with their two little sons and probably Mrs. Dan McFarland, the latter a sister of Mrs. Friesner, are planning to go up there in August as will Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stephens and their children and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McFarland and their two little daughters. Mrs. Stephens' brother-in-law and sister, with their children, who are visiting here from New Haven, will also be among the visitors at Idylwild.

Miss Florence Marsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh of Westchester Place, is planning to entertain informally Monday afternoon, when she will give a prettily appointed luncheon. The affair is planned for a group of the girls of the younger set.

Mrs. John Armstrong and her daughter, Miss Nelchen Armstrong of Severance street, who recently came from the south to make their home in this city, were hostesses Tuesday at an attractive luncheon. The affair was given at the Beverly Hills hotel, places being arranged for twenty-four guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Jr., and little daughter, Virginia, with Miss Helen Thomas, have been passing a few days at Pine Crest. Miss Thomas, who is one of the charming visitors here, is a

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First Floor

guest at the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Thomas on Eighth avenue. She has been the recipient of many delightful social courtesies while here and other affairs are planned in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. King C. Gillette of Beverly Hills have been entertaining as guests their son and his young wife, Mr. and Mrs. King Gaines Gillette, who motored down from their ranch at Lindsay for a short visit. Mrs. Gillette, Jr., will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Caldwell of Beverly Hills.

Master Avery McCarthy, Jr., recently celebrated his tenth birthday anniversary and in honor of the auspicious occasion he entertained about twenty-five of his young friends at a merry birthday party at the summer home of his parents at Redondo Beach. At the same time, Mrs. McCarthy was hostess at a luncheon party, her guests including the mothers and chaperones of her son's young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nebeker, have just returned from an interesting motoring trip into the Yosemite Valley. They were away for a fortnight or more. Mr. and Mrs. Nebeker, the latter formerly Miss Virginia Walsh, have taken a place at Santa Monica and will take an active part in the social gaieties of the beach city throughout the summer months.

Mrs. Richard Bishop entertained Wednesday with an informal bridge party and tea, the affair being in compliment to Mrs. Carroll Cambron, who is the house guest here of Mrs. Beveridge. Mrs. Cambron whose home is in San Francisco is being most happily entertained while a sojourner in Los Angeles.

Interesting news to a host of friends here is of the appointment of Mr. Ely Elot Palmer as consul to Madrid, Spain. Mr. Palmer is the son-in-law of Mrs. Margaret Breeden Ham of Whittier. His marriage to Mrs. Eno Ham de Johnson was a brilliant society event of Paris about three years ago and was of special interest to the many friends of the young bride in this city. Mr. Palmer, who formerly was vice consul general, has preceded to Madrid and will be joined immediately by Mrs. Palmer and their small son.

Interesting to a large circle of friends was the marriage this week of Miss Josephine Keith of Dallas, Texas, and Mr. Harold J. Lane, a prominent young business man of this city. The ceremony

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took place Wednesday afternoon at Christ's church, Dr. Baker P. Lee officiating. Mr. Fulton Lane, brother of the bridegroom served as best man. The wedding was extremely simple in its appointments, only relatives and a few of the most intimate friends being present. Following their return from a short

honeymoon trip, Mr. Lane and his bride will make their home at the Bryson apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland with their two manly young sons, Marshall and Jack Garland, have returned from Coronado where they motored for the last week-end, the object of their trip being to attend the head-dress ball given at the hotel there last Saturday evening.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. George Wightman upon the arrival of a young daughter. Mrs. Wightman who as Miss Hazel Hotchkiss was one of the stellar tennis champions, and is nationally known and loved by a host of friends and admirers. With her husband she makes her home in Brookline, Massachusetts, but earlier this year they enjoyed a three months' stay at the Beverly Hills hotel here.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Green of Beverly Hills are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. John Street for a few days. After a residence of several years in Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Street have come to Los Angeles to make their permanent home. Mrs. Street, who will be remembered as Miss Sarah Goodrich, was a former school friend of Mrs. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Culver have closed their city house for the summer months and will pass the season at Beverly Hills hotel. With them is Mrs. Culver's father, Mr. C. J. Kubach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dodd entertained Thursday evening with a dancing party at their home in Laughlin Park, the affair being in compliment to Miss Catherine Bell and Miss Christine Cate of Memphis, Tennessee.

Mrs. Frederick Reynolds, who with her two children, has been visiting here with her mother, Mrs. Emmeline Childs for a fortnight or so, will leave August 13 for Chicago, where her husband, Dr. Reynolds, an army surgeon, will be stationed.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of Lake street gave an informal luncheon party at her home Tuesday afternoon, her guests including a coterie of friends who with her are members of an informal auction bridge club. Pink asters were used in the decorations and pink toned score cards were used in tallying. Members of the club are Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mrs. Frank Walsh, Mrs. S. M. Goddard, Mrs. Charles McFarland, Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill, Mrs. Leon Moss, Mrs. Joseph Harvey Miles, Mrs. Richard Vincent Day, Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, Mrs. Oscar May Souden, Mrs. A. J. Salisbury, Mrs. E. D. Roberts, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Mary Strohn and the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffith with their attractive young daughter, Miss Margaret Griffith, and Mr. and Mrs. William L. Graves plan to leave soon for a northern trip, their itinerary including San Francisco, Lake Tahoe, the Yosemite and other northeastern resorts.

Mrs. Kingsley Macomber who is passing the summer with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake at the Virginia, Long Beach, entertained a coterie of her friends Wednesday at luncheon, the afternoon later being given over to bridge, tennis and a swim. Mr. Macomber joined his wife here last week having come down from their ranch home in the north for a short stay. Mrs. Macomber's affair was in honor of Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas, whose engagement to Mr. Charles C. Bull of New York and South America was announced recently. Other guests included Miss Elizabeth Richards, Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, Mrs. Jefferson P. Chandler, Mrs. Leo S. Chandler, Mrs. Harry Pattee of Riverside, Mrs. Hugh F. Stewart, Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, Mrs. Roy Seeley, Mrs. Wellborn, Mrs. Green and Miss Louise Burke.

Mrs. Hugh W. Harrison of 1210 West Twenty-seventh street left this week for Colorado Springs, where she will be joined by her son-in-law and daughter, Judge and Mrs. Kent Koerner of St. Louis, who are motoring to that point to meet her. Together they will pass the remainder of the summer motoring through Colorado and various places of interest, making the trip a camping expedition and passing the greater part of their time in the out-of-doors. Mrs. Harrison does not plan to return to her home here until late in September.

Miss Madeline Souden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Souden of 557 Manhattan Place was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a bridge tea given at the Los Angeles Country Club. Miss Nina Robinson, who is visiting here at the

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home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester Place was the guest of honor. Besides Miss Robinson those enjoying Miss Souden's hospitality were Mrs. Owen Porter Churchill, Miss Caryl Esterbrook, Miss Edythe K. Bryant, Miss Squires, Miss Harvey Wallis and Miss Emily Griffith.

Mrs. Walter Durgin of 1431 Alvarado Terrace entertained Monday with an informal reception in compliment to Dr. Lulu Ellis, who will leave in a few days for another year's sojourn in the Orient. Dr. Ellis has already passed two years in the far east.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring have left for a visit to Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite Valley. They have been visiting here for several weeks as guests of Mr. Frederick Kimball Stearns at Beverly Hills, having come down from San Francisco where they have been making their home for a number of months. Later this fall Mr. and Mrs. Spring plan again to occupy their home here. Baron and Baroness von Kleydorf, who leased the place last year, are arranging to leave early in September for New York, where Baron Kleydorf will resume his career on the operatic stage. Baron Kleydorf, who was seriously injured in the European war, has been living quietly in Beverly with his family for several months now and both he and his wife have made a host of friends here who will regret their departure for the east. Baroness Kleydorf will be remembered as a member of the well known Busch family of Chicago.

In honor of Mrs. Edward L. Litzenger of Chicago who has been enjoying a delightful sojourn here, Mrs. John E. Mauer of Serrano street entertained with a prettily arranged luncheon Monday at the California Club. Guests included many prominent society folk who have entertained in compliment to Mrs. Litzenger while she is a guest here. Hydrangias in pastel shades were used in the decorations and places at the tables were marked for Mrs. Litzenger,

Lucile's Shop Talk



Tourists always love to wander through Japanese stores, and although I have long ago ceased to be of this class I must confess they always exercise a peculiar fascination for me. One day this week I visited a shop on Broadway, that is said to be the largest on the coast, and I saw the most wonderful bargains. Embroideries that were veritable works of art,—the Japanese are the most artistic folk on earth, so fantastic in their conceptions, so painstaking in their reproduction of detail. There were kimono heavy with crusts of embroidery and the daintiest shoes to match—funny little flat things that induce a sense of almost wicked luxury. Then there were adorable bits of jewelry, coral, jade and inlaid, that one can scarcely resist buying. And the funniest little carved figurines and vases and china galore! One can pass a day examining the pretty things, and yet not exhaust interest.

Speaking of embroideries. Have you ever visited a Swiss shop in the Brack building? This is an American branch of a famous house in Switzerland and the owner is at present in Europe buying the fall stock. I saw real edelweiss—the flower—artistically framed over a pretty spindle-legged desk that reminded one strongly of the snowy Alps.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mrs. Robert H. Edwards, Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mrs. William Rhodes Hervey, Mrs. Guy Boynton, Mrs. William Bohn, Mrs. Edward Ford, Mrs. William Bayly, Jr., Mrs. Arthur W. Kinney, Mrs. William Mead, Mrs. Garrett L. Hogan, Mrs. Giles Kellogg, Mrs. William Murray, Mrs. Frederick Lawrence Baker, Mrs. H. Albert de Wit, Miss Amelia Hogan and the hostess.

Announcement is made by Mrs. Walter J. Harvey of 627 Western avenue of the engagement of her younger sister, Miss Pearl Mathews Caroe to Mr. John Henry Reynolds, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reynolds of 346 South Westlake avenue. Mrs. Caroe, who is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William M. Mathews, is the niece of General John R. Mathews, prominent in banking circles of Southern California. The wedding will be celebrated at the Cathedral Chapel on Green street and the date for the event will probably be set for the early part of September. Mr. Reynolds will take his bride to live on a large ranch in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grimm, who have been passing several months in Imperial Valley, have returned to Los Angeles and for the present they will be domiciled with Mrs. Grimm's mother, Mrs. Dan McFarland at her home on Figueroa street and West Twenty-third street. Mr. and Mrs. Leo C. Chandler and their two small sons are again located in their own home on West Twenty-third street.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine of 317 South Kingsley Drive have as their house guest, Mrs. H. G. Miller of New York. Mrs. Miller will be the recipient of many charming social courtesies while a visitor here.

First Stoker (weary): I'd like to find the merchant 'oo invented boilers.

Second Stoker (also weary): Boilers be blowed! I'm lookin' for the blighter 'oo found out that coal would burn.—Punch.

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Mrs. Carman—How do you like your new neighbors?

Mr. Wheelbase—All right, except that they run their baby with a muffler cut-out.—Judge.

First New Yorker—Does he belong to the 400?

Second New Yorker—Yes, indeed; he's one of the ciphers.—Record.

Books

FIRST in point of issue, but ranking second in the final chronological order, of a series of seven volumes constituting the "National History of France," L. Battifol's "The Century of the Renaissance in France" is in every way an attractive book and a welcome addition to any library. The translation from the French has been done by Mrs. Elsie Fennimore Buckley, and is a good piece of work. The other volumes promised are "The Middle Ages," by F. Funck-Brentano, "The Great Century" by Jacques Boulenger, "The Eighteenth Century" by Casimir Stryienski, two volumes on "The French Revolution" by Louis Madelin, and a final volume, from the same pen, on "The Consulate and the Empire."

Not so condensed as to be scrappy and unsatisfying, nor so exhaustive as to be too burdensome for the ordinary reader, this series strikes a happy mean for the general public. The serious reader finds in Mr. Battifol's lucid pages a scientific exposition of the development of France in a troubled and uncertain period when it is often difficult to get at the exact truth. In its original form the book won such favor with his countrymen that it was awarded the Perret Prize by the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Though placed second in the final order, as has already been remarked, it deals with a period that in many respects was the initial and formative one in French history. For it was not until near the close of the fifteenth century that the France we know became a nation, occupying the territory whose contour on the map of Europe is so familiar. At this time, also, the French language assumed its definite modern form. Indeed it was the grandfather of Louis XII, (one of the first monarchs of the eight dealt with), the accomplished but unfortunate Duke of Orleans who passed so long a period of his life as a prisoner in England, whom critics regard as the earliest of modern French poets. The "Century of the Renaissance" begins with the reign of that poor specimen of humanity, the luckless son of Louis XI. When Charles VIII came to the throne at the age of thirteen, he was gifted neither with the brains nor the physique that promised a competent ruler. Two extant portraits depict him "with large goggle eyes, a huge prominent nose, a vulgar, thick-lipped mouth with a loose underlip, and a short chin upon which sprouted a sparse red beard. His appearance stamped him as a mediocre, ill-balanced individual. Physically he was a degenerate. He indulged in strange tastes, soaking himself with insufferable pungent perfumes and loading his fingers with numberless rings. . . . He was, in short, an altogether misbegotten creature. His guardians were so anxious about his bodily health, that they left him to grow up with little education other than the romances which he devoured, and which filled him with the desire to be a hero of adventure. Hence the invasion of Italy, resulting in little but 'smoke and glory'."

Battifol's book is marked by brilliant portrait-painting, which makes the characters of the century stand out dramatically. After all, history without a psychological delight in portraying character personality, is apt to be mere dreary compilation. He has a good word to say for the unfortunate Italian bourgeoisie, Catherine de Medici, who survived the ruin of all her household hopes. Distinctly ugly, "with a fat coarse face, crowned by black hair, large goggle eyes, heavy eyebrows, a big nose, loose, pouting lips, surmounting a body which lost its shape early in life," yet by unstinted amiability, intelligent firmness, and unflinching tact, she made as a young queen an ideal hostess, "charming and attractive to everybody," and was a model of deportment for little Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and her daughter-in-law. For ten years denied the privilege of children, so that she almost despaired of becoming a mother, she had a period of productivity which gave her ten in thirteen years. Her woes came as Queen Mother; for her sons were poor rickety beings, and her policy of conciliation, intelligently directed to safeguard her

house, which might have succeeded admirably in less troublous times, proved unworkable in the hurricane period of the Reformation. She consented to the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew as a "political necessity," and has to bear the odium of it through the centuries. Her own policy would have favored neutrality in state matters to the utmost limits; and she began her rule by granting a free hand to the Huguenots. Her final concern was the natural but selfish desire to preserve her dynasty and household; but the age was one of intense moral convictions, before which "Enlightened Selfishness" goes down like stubble. Here we strike the weakness in Battifol's whole treatment—his aloofness to religion; the Positivist attitude towards religion as an odd phenomenon of the past. He has nothing to tell us worth while about the University of Paris in the days of Francis I, and yet it sent forth men like Loyola, Xavier, and Calvin who more than any other personalities of the whole long period interpret the centuries which follow, and who are still living powers. ("The Century of the Renaissance in France," By Louis Battifol. Tr. from the French by Elsie Fennimore Buckley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

J. M. D.

Remarkable Book by Comfort

There are books one wants to read leisurely, free from the ever-present feverish sense of haste for accomplishment which afflicts most of us nowadays. Will Levington Comfort's latest book, "Child and Country," especially is of this character. It is not the story that matters; that is a trivial plot told in a paragraph—the tale of a beautiful summer passed on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, of the building of a wonderful country house and the recreative and creative experiences of its inmates while there. After "Midstream," to one who has followed Comfort's work and felt the growing friendly interest this writer has inspired in all his previous books, "Child and Country" comes as a relief. As in "Midstream" the message is intensely personal, but it acts as a purification after a mud-bath. There is no shock. One, rather, reads a chapter, allows the book to rest in the lap as he gazes into the fire or out of the window, unseeing in the flesh, dreamily seeing much in the spirit. It is so full of idealism and great vision for the young. It is a new and luminous theory of education, in which the individual is dominant, which Comfort tried upon a little circle of young folk who gravitated to "Stonestudy-on-the-Lakeshore." "It has all been very deep and dramatic to me," he says, "a study of certain builders of tomorrow taking their place higher and higher day by day in the thought and action of our day. . . . I find that a man may build a more substantial thing than a stone house, may realize an intenser cultivation than even tea-roses require." To the group that comes to him informally he expounds a unique philosophy of life and growth; the awakening of the sleeping giant in each that shall stimulate possibilities which are different from the potentialities of every other man or woman in the world, to express himself in terms of matter the best he can, the straightest, simplest way possible to him. This is the key to all true development, "the door to a man's religion," "work and religion are the same at the top," he says, "the nearer one reaches the top, the more tremendous and gripping becomes the conception that they are one; finally, a man doing his own work for others, losing the sense of self in his work, is touching the very vitalities of religion and integrating the life that lasts." Imagination—the seeing of the spirit of things—is the great essential to the fullest life and expression of any kind whatsoever, hence education lies in the awakening of individual imagination. Necessarily, there is considerable discussion of the craftsmanship of writing and he obtains many unique specimens of thought and written expression from his little flock. To the smallest member of the class come large views of life and of Nature, which are discussed in the Chapel each day or are

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handed in as essays. This is by far the biggest message Comfort has yet uttered. ("Child and Country." By Will Levington Comfort. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

P. R.

Our Shipbuilders' Chance

Down to the time of the Civil War the finest vessels afloat were built in American yards; but that was the period of wooden vessels. With the adoption of steel and iron bottoms, British yards could undersell the American product; and bad legislation came in as an aid to drive the American-built ship from the ocean. Now for the first time since 1860 is it possible for a Delaware shipbuilder to construct at a lower cost than his Clyde rival; and unless legislation like the LaFollette-Alexander law, approved March, 1915, handicaps too heavily the home product, we may again see American vessels in every port. This is the burden of W. B. Maloney's "The Heritage of Tyre." He shows clearly the fallacy of the oft-repeated argument that it is by subsidies that Britannia has a marine that rules the wave. "The subventioned and postal subsidized tonnage of Great Britain represents no more than one-third," he declares, "of her wonderful merchant marine; the remainder—the fat-bellied cargo ships that carry the bulk of the earth's commerce—receives no state aid whatever." After examining in detail the relation of other merchant marines to their respective governments, he finds that, "with the exception of Britain the United States has nothing to learn from the experience of any of the other nations unless it may be what not to do." The booklet is one of a live series—"Our National Problems"—and is bright and convincing. ("The Heritage of Tyre." By William Brown Maloney. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

Canadian Contingent at Ypres

Sir Max Aitken's "Canada in Flanders" makes the best kind of reading. The style is lucid and dignified, much of it the work of an eye-witness. The great testing battle of the war, which showed the stuff of which the Canadians were made, was the bitter struggle at Ypres. It began with the dramatic retreat of the French division on the left, forced by the fumes of the gas which the German foe had begun to use, contrary to the hitherto accepted rules of civilized warfare. The sight of the victims, mostly Turcos and Zouaves who, with blackened faces and gasping lips, surged wildly back over the canal and through the village of Flamertinghe just at dark, instead of daunting the Canadians made them grimly determined. The immediate results of the enforced withdrawal of the French division were serious, leaving the Canadians in an exposed position. "The story of the second battle of Ypres," says the author, "is the story of how the Canadian division, enormously outnumbered—for they had in front of them at least four divisions, supported by immensely heavy artillery—with a gap still existing, though reduced, in their lines, and with dispositions made hurriedly under the stimulus of critical danger, fought through the day and through the night, and then through another day and night; fought under their officers until, as happened to so many, these perished gloriously, and then fought from the impulsion of sheer valor because they came of fighting stock." The story of the capture and holding of the wood near St. Julien by a small Canadian force, with machine guns playing upon them "like a waterpot," to use the phrase of one of their officers who never expected to survive, is one of the

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most intensely interesting passages in the book, and is well illustrated by sketch maps. In the eighth chapter the author tells the story of Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, from the day on which it received in Lansdowne Park in the city of Ottawa the colors which the Princess had worked with her own fingers. At St. Eloi and elsewhere the regiment made a noble record, losing its commander, Lieut.-Colonel Farquhar, and most of its officers. When, November 27, 1915, the regiment was happily reunited with the Canadian Corps, few indeed of the men who met in Lansdowne Park to receive the regimental colors were left; "but those who survive, and the friends of those who have died, may draw solace from the thought that never in the history of arms have Soldiers more valiantly sustained the gift and trust of a Lady." ("Canada in Flanders." By Sir Max Aitken, M. P. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Germany vs. Civilization

Prof. William Roscoe Thayer waxes exceeding wroth, in his consideration of "Germany vs. Civilization," at the inaction of the United States in the present European war; especially at the leveling of Belgium to a rubbish heap while America stood by and made no formal protest. In stern fashion he asserts that the American attitude through diplomacy of inaction based on false neutrality, is born of the devil. With pen dipped in vitriol the writer traces by stages the Prussian system, as a system, and finds therein little but "Prussian Acid." He makes a sketchy review of the blood-spots in the story of the Hohenzollern dynasty and finds in the Kaiser's conception of "Me unt Gott" an overweening desire to be "King of Kings." He outlines the Teutonic idea of "Kultur" as opposed to culture, and its application to the conquest of England and the world. He speaks of the influences at once brought to bear in the Germanizing of America and foresees the German system doomed to failure before the rising tides of brotherhood and humanity. He writes as one who feels his cause just and in the heat of argument wastes no time on conventional reserve. It is a bitter arraignment of militarism. ("Germany vs. Civilization." By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

J. G.

In the World of Amateur Sports

THOUGH many of California's brightest stars of the tennis court are in the east there will be no lack of talent at the annual Southern California tournament, which opens next Monday on the Hotel Virginia courts, Long Beach, and which has brought out one of the largest entry lists of the thirty years the event has been held. There are many new names on the roll, names which in time may become as celebrated hereabouts as are those which are chiefly conspicuous this year by their absence, but it is the name of one veteran that especially is throwing scares into the aspirants who are hoping to work through the men's singles. That name is Tom Bundy and its possessor is out to complete his title to the Southern California challenge trophy, upon which he already has two legs. He was balked in that desire last year by the unexpected strength of Roland Roberts, the San Francisco lad, who defeated Bundy in the finals. This year Roberts is in the east, but were he here it is doubtful if he could repeat the trick, for those who are following Bundy's game maintain that he is in much better tennis form, as well as superior physical condition to the time when he lost to the northern boy. The present men's singles challenge trophy has been in competition since 1904. The names on it are: 1904, Eugene Overton; 1905, Eugene Overton; 1906, Harold H. Braly; 1907, Melville H. Long; 1908, Thomas C. Bundy; 1909, Wynn H. Mace; 1910, Wynn H. Mace; 1911, Ward Dawson; 1912, Paul Hardeman; 1913, Thomas C. Bundy; 1914, Ward Dawson; 1915, Roland Roberts.

Several old-timers have allowed valor to overcome discretion and have put in their entries for the singles, as well as the doubles. Among them are Simpson Sinsabaugh, Eugene Overton, Nat Browne and Claude Wayne. They will have many youngsters as their opponents, for among the "comers" to play will be Barker, "Grub" Clover, Kenneth Hawks and Frank Winne, the latter the present junior champion. Winne will have plenty of opposition in the juniors from Hawks, Clover and the new Hollywood star, Busch.

In the women's doubles the entrants will include Florence Sutton, Maude Lowell, Jessie Grieve, Beatriz Burnham, Mrs. William Widdowson and many others. The association challenge cup for women's singles has been won as follows: 1914, Miss Florence Sutton; 1915, Mrs. Thomas C. Bundy. Names on the association challenge cups for men's doubles are: 1909, Alphonso E. Bell and Nat B. Browne; 1910, S. M. Sinsabaugh and Ward Dawson; 1911, Nat B. Browne and Allan V. Duncan; 1912, Nat B. Browne and Allan V. Duncan; 1913, Claude A. Wayne and S. M. Sinsabaugh; 1914, Clifton B. Herd and Ward Dawson; 1915, Claude A. Wayne and S. M. Sinsabaugh. Winners of this tournament will be called upon to play Wayne and Sinsabaugh, present champions, to decide the doubles championship for the coming year. The challenge match will be played Saturday afternoon, August 5, when the men's singles finals also will be put on.

President's Cup Tournament

First round matches in the president's cup golf tournament are being played at the Los Angeles Country Club this week, the sixty-four qualifying players having been determined last Saturday. Low gross score in the qualifying round was made by Norman Macbeth, the scratch man, with a 74. E. P. Boshyshell turned in the low net with a 90-24-66. Pairing for the first round was as follows: Norman Macbeth and C. W. Roberts, C. H. Knappe and P. Cole, C. H. Palmer and A. W. Ross, W. H. Young and J. H. Miles, Judge Frederickson and Albert Couter, F. G. McMullen and L. G. Norris, W. W. Walton and C. F. Noyes, W. S. Bicksher and David Barry, George Schneider and H. A. Barker, West Hughes and F. A. Keith, E. T. Sherer and M. P. Schneider, J. A. Kerr and T. A. Barry, H. G. Brintnall and J. W. Long, S. T. Hunt and C. A. Plummer, A. D. Sale and P. F. Mason, A. J. Waters and E. P. Bryon, W. R. Miller and H. S. Stone, L. L. Elliott and S. S. Anderson, D. Lines and M. R. Gray, E. M. Wallace and J. H. Bohon, H. W. Howard and C. L. Barker, C. W. Pendleton and S. S. Macfarlane, H. B. Brown and C. Donley, E. P. Boshyshell and C. P. Murphy, E. H. Seaver and M. S. Sev-

erent, S. S. Parsons and L. P. Bidell, J. A. Brown and J. H. Moulton, T. L. Mott and P. C. Ridgeway, H. W. Keller and C. G. Andrews, A. H. Keeney and W. T. Gould, I. W. Shirley and George Steckel, F. Lyons and M. P. Gilbert.

Large Field in Yacht Race

Although light winds marred the event for spectators and crews, the race of the South Coast Yacht Club last Sunday for the Rear Commodore Seward cup brought out the largest entry list of the season. Seven boats started and all but one, the Minerva, finished and in addition there were many pleasure craft out along the course to watch the contest, which was won by the sloop Columbine with H. Newell Logan in command. The Columbine was the scratch boat. Charlie Hubbell, sailing Mischief I, brought that famous boat across the line to second place on elapsed time and captured a club cup. Third place and a club pennant were won by Mischief II with Ted Hynes in command and making his first appearance of the season. The entries and time were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected time.
Columbine	1:00:30	3:11:00	2:11:00
Mischief I	1:00:46	3:21:25	2:14:25
Mischief II	1:00:45	3:21:23	2:18:13
Vite	1:00:26	3:39:02	2:24:32
Wasp	1:00:46	3:47:30	2:31:30
Seamore	1:00:52	3:45:30	2:32:50

Sweepstakes at Clubs

Ball sweepstakes will be contested over the golf courses of the country clubs today. C. H. Palmer was the winner for Class A in last Saturday's sweepstakes at the Los Angeles Country Club, with a net score of 71. E. P. Boshyshell captured the Class B event with a net of 66. At Midwick Earl Cowan was the winner, having 86-16-70. R. O. Marple won at San Gabriel, also with a 70.

State Golf Tournament

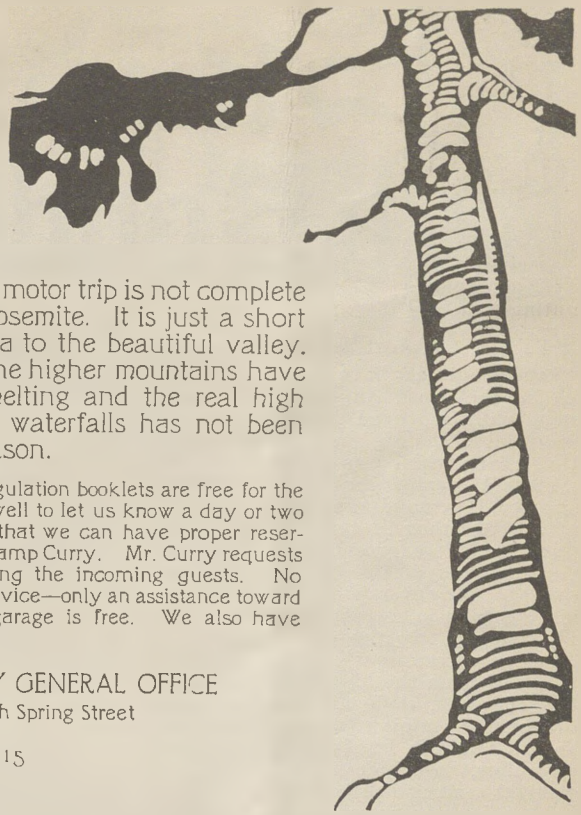
Dates for the California golf championship have just been announced. The event will be held on the Del Monte links, September 23 to October 1, inclusive. The dates are later than usual but have been selected in order to avoid conflict with the national amateur championships which will be held on the course of the Marion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, early in September.

Schmidt Western Golf Champion

At last Heinie Schmidt, semi-finalist in many golf tournaments, is the possessor of a real title and one of greater distinction than has come to those players who have often in the past wrecked the hopes of the young pride of Oakland. For Heinie, playing in the imperturbable manner which is frequently so galling to his opponents, carried off the 1916 Western golf championship in the finals at Del Monte last Saturday, defeating Douglas Grant, northern California champion and regarded by many as the better golfer of the two. However, Grant did not show in the final the form of which he is capable. The previous day he eliminated the young Texas sensation, Clarence E. Mangham, in a brilliant exhibition, only to lose to Schmidt by the nearly pitiful score of 7 up and 6 to play. Schmidt practically won his victory in the first round, which he completed 5 up, having taken eight of the first nine holes. E. S. Armstrong, the Southern California favorite and Pacific coast champion, was eliminated comparatively early in the tournament and the south had to be content with having in A. H. Braly of Los Angeles Country Club the winner of the championship consolation flight, in which he defeated Vincent Whitney by 1 up.

Magazines of the Month

For a free, untrammelled view of the modern poet as in his native habitat The Little Review, of which Margaret C. Anderson is editor, is one of the best mediums. Every one speaks his mind as he listeth—with most interesting result. The issue for June-July presents a curious array of "impressionistic" sketches in rhythm. Mary Aldis has an especially interesting and excellent critical review of "Some Imagist Poets of 1916." John Gould Fletcher gives a lucidly readable comparison of "Three Imagist Poets." H. D., Aldington and F. S. Flint and there is an illuminating article by Padraic Colum as to "The Irish Revolutionists." Padraic Pearce, Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett. As



—the nineteen sixteen motor trip is not complete without a visit to Yosemite. It is just a short side trip from Madera to the beautiful valley. The cool nights in the higher mountains have delayed the snow melting and the real high water in Yosemite's waterfalls has not been reached yet this season.

Our road maps and Park regulation booklets are free for the asking, and it would be well to let us know a day or two before your departure so that we can have proper reservation made for you at Camp Curry. Mr. Curry requests this as an aid in handling the incoming guests. No charge is made for this service—only an assistance toward a delightful trip. Our garage is free. We also have week-end railroad trips.

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The Little Review has been invited to pass the summer in San Francisco the naive announcement is made that it will be published there "until October or November. Then we shall go back to Chicago for a couple of months, and by the first of the year we plan to establish ourselves in New York, where all good things seem to turn at last. Our travels have been so exciting that it was impossible to get out a June issue on the way. (In all honesty I should add that the chronic low state of the treasury had even more to do with it.)" Hence the combination of June-July issue.

Always notable for its good reviews of poetical works the current issue of Poetry Journal has two exceptionally interesting discussions of recent volumes. John Gould Fletcher giving a comprehensive study of Alfred Kreymborg's "Others: An Anthology of the New Verse," as well as a reprint of his introduction to "Goblins and Pagodas," and Blanch Shoemaker Wagstaff, the editor, deals sympathetically with Charles Hanson Towne's delicate verse, "Today and Tomorrow." "The Sonnet-House, a Fable," by Katharine Howard and songs by Conrad Aiken, Sara King, A. Ware, F. S. Flint and others, of which "Youth" by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., is one of the most exquisite, are among the good things included.

Books Received This Week

"The Unspeakable Perk." By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Novel. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Revelations of a German Attaché." By Emile Witte, late Councillor of the Legation at Washington. Ten years of German-American Diplomacy. George H. Doran Co.

"This defendant is charged with killing her husband," stated the attorney. "Is there any reason why you could not give her a fair trial?"

"Well," replied Miss Oldgirl, who wanted to be honest, "I think that men are too scarce to be wasted that way." —Judge.

Lieut. Bryan, U.S.N. stated before the Am.Soc. of Naval Engineers: "Oils made from the asphalt-base crudes have shown themselves to be much better adapted to motor cylinders, as far as their carbon-forming proclivities are concerned, than are paraffine-base Pennsylvania oils."

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Stocks & Bonds

BETTER sentiment and slightly advanced prices have prevailed this week on the Los Angeles stock exchange, with improved demand especially noticeable in Big Jim, the Oatman mining stock which has been the life of the market locally for many months. Exceptional demand has boosted Big Jim to better than 91 cents at this writing and brokers express the opinion that the present movement will carry it well above \$1. However, Big Jim seems to be a blonde, it is so temperamental, and until just recently the public has been inclined to regard it with suspicion, since it dropped from the high figure of \$2 to below 50 cents, early in the summer. Most of the mining market activity, aside from that in Big Jim, was confined to Ivanhoe, in which speculators who bought the stock when it declined recently to 5 cents, were taking profits at the better price of 8 cents. Small transactions were recorded in Fessenden, Carter, Gilt Edge and Iowa. Yellow Pine, a mining but not an Oatman security, was in much better tone, advancing to \$1.35 following announcement of an extra disbursement of 10 per cent to be made to stockholders August 25.

Oil issues were stronger early in the week, but the demand did not continue. Union is selling again at \$80. Informal sales of Amalgamated at \$86 were reported and quotations on the stock were firmly maintained at that price. The public is taking more kindly to Los Angeles Investment and larger sales are reported at the prevailing price of 62 cents. Home Telephone preferred has been active at \$71 and common maintains the quotation of \$40. Bonds and banks stocks remain practically unchanged.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Willys-Overland Company has declared a quarterly dividend of 3 per cent in cash, placing the stock on a 12 per cent cash dividend basis, and has also declared a stock dividend of 10 per cent on the common stock. The cash dividend of 3 per cent is payable August 1 and the 10 per cent stock dividend will be payable 5 per cent October 2 to stock of record September 15 and 5 per cent April 2, 1917, to stock of record March 15.

Burlington railroad has been authorized by the Illinois public utilities commission to issue \$13,696,000 of 4 per cent bonds under the general mortgage of March 2, 1908, to be used in reimbursing the treasury of the company for capital expenditures and for refunding \$3,399,000 of prior issue bonds.

Hercules Powder Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on preferred stock, payable August 15.

Dividends of 1 1/4 per cent on its preferred stock and 9 1/2 per cent on its common stock have been declared by the Icy-Hot Bottle Company.

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha will pay the regular semi-annual dividends of 3 1/2 per cent each on the common and preferred stocks, August 21.

Reporting the largest quarterly business in its history, the United States Steel Corporation has declared an extra 1 per cent dividend on its common stock, in addition to the regular 1 1/2 per cent. The net earning of the corporation for the second quarter of this year were \$81,126,048, exceeding by \$20,412,424 the highest previous record, which was made in the first quarter of 1916.

More than \$1,000,000,000 in foreign loans has been taken over by American investors since the war began. This includes the Anglo-French \$500,000,000 loan, which marked an era in the broadening out of American financial experience. The countries to which we have made these loans thus far are England, France, Canada, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Argentine, Panama, Bolivia, Costa Rica and Russia.

Banks and Bankers

Elaborate preparations are being made in Kansas City for the entertainment of the American Bankers Conven-

tion which will open its five day session there September 25. Every banker in the city is on one of the many committees which are meeting almost daily to make arrangements for providing a good time for the delegates, what time they can spare from the convention meetings.

William T. Hopper, treasurer of the Home Savings Bank, who has been in ill health for several months, has resigned his position and will devote his time to extensive travel. He retains his place on the Home board of directors.

Local bank tellers are keeping their eyes open for counterfeit \$5 gold pieces which have been circulating largely in Salt Lake City and which are declared to be excellent imitations. The coins contain approximately \$2.50 worth of gold and, presumably, are the work of two well known counterfeiters now in the custody of the federal authorities.

In its financial letter, issued under date of July 25, the American National Bank of San Francisco has the following to say regarding the attitude of financial institutions toward the rural credits bill: "July 17 the rural credits bill became a law over the signature of the President. In signing the bill Mr. Wilson let it be understood that he considers it one of the most important pieces of constructive legislation of his administration. On account of liberal criticism of the measure, the erroneous idea was created that the banks as a whole were in active opposition to it. This was not the case. Opposition presented by them was purely argumentative and entirely impartial and was based on experience as opposed to theory. If the scheme is practical and provides the relief sought the banks will be the first to endorse it and the administration may rest assured their approval will not be grudgingly given."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Canyon homes in Beverly district endangered by brush fires.

Longshoremen's strike at harbor continues.

Supervisors pass drastic anti-racetrack gambling ordinance.

Candidates file nomination petitions for primaries.

Board of Education budget calls for \$5,526,278 for ensuing year.

California

Six persons killed and many wounded by explosion of bomb in midst of preparedness parade in San Francisco.

Forest fire on slopes of Mt. Tamalpais, Santa Anita race track, once home of horse racing, leased for automobile contests.

United States

Administration renews efforts to purchase Danish West Indies.

Many deaths in the east as result of heat wave.

Wilson uses influence in favor of child labor law.

American troops maintained in Mexico.

Submersible Deutschland remains in harbor at Baltimore.

Foreign

Russians continue advance in east.

Grand Duke Nicholas claims capture by Russians of Erzining from Turks.

Pozieres captured by British in drive against Germans.

Germans continue attacks on Verdun.

SHRAPNEL

Willis—I suppose you received the bulk of your late uncle's fortune. You were his favorite, were you not?
Gillis—Only in the betting.—Judge.

Engineer-storekeeper (dictating)—Two gross fire bricks.
Stoker (writing)—Two gross fire b-r-i-x.

Engineer-storekeeper—"B-r-i-x" don't spell bricks.
Stoker—Well, wot do it spell?—Punch (London).

Ike—Ven do you tink de war vill be over?
Mike—Niver, oi hope. Oi'm satisfied to lave it in Europe.—Orange Peel.

"We are often impressed with the slightness of our own knowledge."

"I've been made to realize that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I've been listening to my daughter's commencement essay." —Topeka Journal.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

Tuesday evening, August 1, a special meeting of the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters will be held at the Bristol Cafe. Following a dinner to be served at 6:30 o'clock, J. R. Malony of San Francisco, president of the Insurance Federation of California, will outline the progress and aspirations of the federation movement. Another speaker will be Louis M. Cole, former president of the Chamber of Commerce, who will discuss "Insurance from the Business Man's Standpoint."

Much speculation is being indulged in by insurance men as to whether or not J. E. Phelps will be reappointed to the office of insurance commissioner for the state of California, which position he now holds. Although Phelps' term expired June 30 his successor has not yet been appointed, which is taken to indicate that Governor Johnson has determined upon someone else for the commissionership. Wise ones predict that the choice will be either former Judge Willis I. Morrison of this city, or Charles Dempsted, the ruling spirit of the Fraternal Brotherhood.

Prize essay title announced for the 1916 contest of the National Association of Life Underwriters is "A Life Income for the Woman in Black." Essays must be limited to one thousand words each. The contest is open to every member of a local association belonging to the national association. Each competitor should submit his essay typewritten in triplicate and identified only by a number marked on each copy and also on a sealed envelope containing his name and address and the name of his association—all to be forwarded in one enclosure to Everett M. Ensign, corresponding secretary, 56 Pine street, New York City, before August 15, 1916. The committee of award, which will judge the essays submitted and decide upon the two winners, consists of Dr. S. S. Huebner, professor of insurance and commerce at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce (chairman); Mrs. Eva Von Baur Hansl, editor woman's page of the New York "Evening Sun," and Wm. J. Graham, superintendent of the group department of the Equitable Life. The writer of the essay adjudged to be of highest excellence will receive the Calaf loving cup as custodian. The cup to be held by him for his association until the succeeding annual meeting of the national association. The writer of the essay adjudged to be second in merit will receive the Ben Williams vase, under the same conditions of holding as obtain in connection with the first prize.

C. C. Adams, who has been assistant in the George H. Tyson general agency's Los Angeles office, has taken a position in the home office of the German-American and will be succeeded August 1 by A. N. Bushnell, who has been an examiner in District C of the Pacific Board.

It is announced that the Pacific Mutual Life is preparing a special monthly premium policy for farmers. It will be sold through the monthly premium agents of the company.

Announcement has been made by the Prudential Life Insurance Company that it intends to enter the Los Angeles field for mortgage loans. Particularly will the company seek, according to word sent the German-American Trust and Savings Bank, loans on residence properties of value between \$1,000 and \$5,000.

"I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"Did she resent it?"
"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."—Kansas City Star.

Lake Tahoe

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Most beautiful mountain lake in most picturesque region in America. The center jewel in a brilliant diadem of Alpine lakes.

Attractive hotels and casinos. Cottages, tents and camping facilities.

Trout fishing in lake and stream, motor boating, mountain climbing or riding. The region abounds in natural trails.

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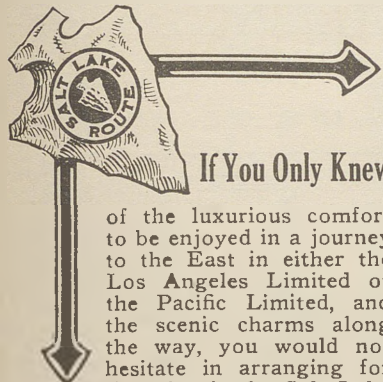
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Accidents

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Los Angeles Railway

Where To Buy The Graphic

VAN NUYS HOTEL LOBBY, Fourth and Main Sts.
PARKER'S BOOK STORE, Broadway near Second.
RABALTE'S NEWS STAND, 219 West Third St.
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Bdway (East side of St.)
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Spring.
KODAK STORE, Mercantile Place.
PLEUKHARP'S, Mercantile Place.
ALEXANDRIA HOTEL LOBBY, 5th & Spring.
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FOWLER BROS., 747 So. Broadway.
BULLOCKS, Seventh & Broadway.
ROBINSON'S, Seventh & Grand.
C. L. HEDGES, 329 West 8th St.
DAVID SKLAR, 503 West 8th St.
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C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLME CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,537,953; Deposits, \$25,270,000.
F ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

SUMMER RATES

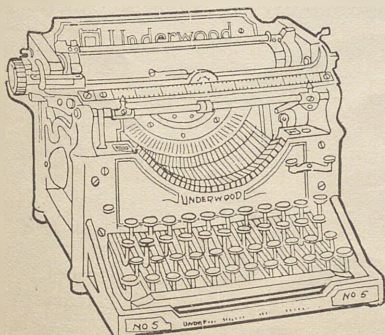
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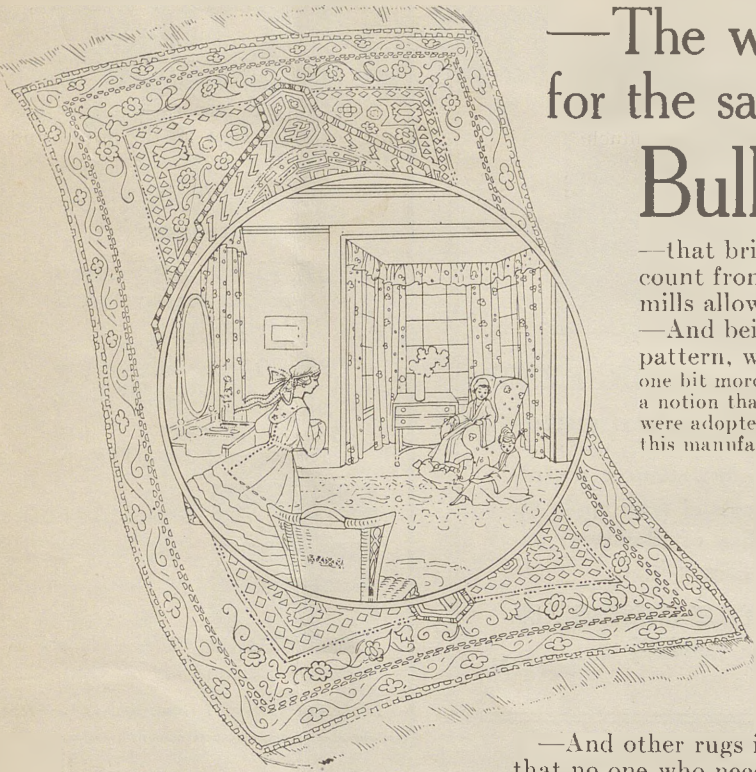
—Housekeeping cottages—ready soon—at very reasonable rates—

—Excursion fare from Los Angeles \$2—get tickets from agents, conductors do not sell them—

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—that brings the best of America's good rugs to the buyers of Los Angeles at a considerable discount from regular markings. One of the two months in the year when America's foremost Rug mills allow their discontinued patterns to be sold under regular prices.

—And being discontinued patterns is nothing to their discredit—the rugs are perfect in color, pattern, workmanship—it is extremely doubtful if the designs chosen to displace them will be one bit more attractive. Rug manufacturers like milliners, think they must have their seasonal changes of patterns—a notion that brings big savings to the housewives who care not whether the designs, so long as they are attractive, were adopted last month or last year. Come to Bullock's and take advantage of the heavy concessions allowed by this manufacturer on discontinued patterns.

Big, Beautiful 9x12-ft. Wiltons at \$56.25

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Heavy 9x12-ft. Worsted Wiltons \$42.75

—8.3x10.6 size at \$38.75. 6x9 foot size at \$26.25.

Famous 9x12-ft. Body Brussels Rugs \$30

—8¼x10½ ft. size at \$27.50. 28x54 in. size \$3.25.

Fine 9x12-ft. Body Brussels Rugs \$27.50

—8.3x10.6 size at \$25.50. 6x9 foot size at \$17.65.

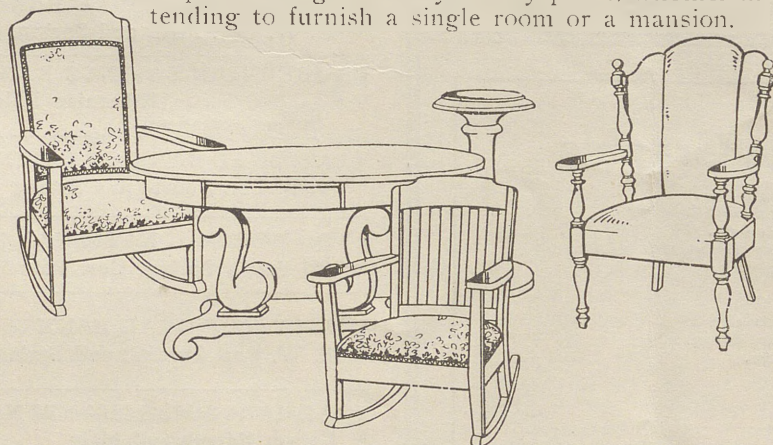
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—Give Bullock's a hint as to what furniture you would like for a certain room—a floor display will be arranged in a jiffy to show you just how the idea works out in reality.

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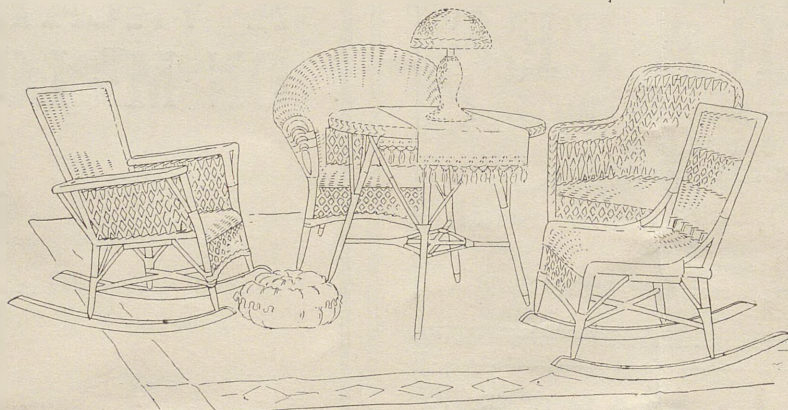
—And it is a plan through which you may profit, whether intending to furnish a single room or a mansion.



Comfort in This Furniture

—Mahogany—not solid mahogany, no—but it looks the part. Quite massive—and delightfully comfortable.

—The high-backed rocker \$18.50; the arm chair \$27.50; the low rocker \$13.75; the library table \$25; the pedestal \$6.50.



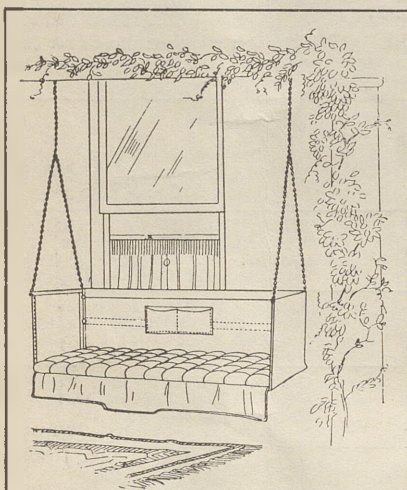
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—It's durable—inexpensive—comfortable.

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—Rocker at the left \$6.75; arm chair, shell shape, \$6.75; arm chair in lattice design \$6.75; sewing rocker \$4.25; table \$5.75.

—7th Floor.



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—Perfection in couch hammocks — \$12.50 — made to Bullock's order—an improvement on other couch hammocks.

—Better mattress, improved chains, with stronger hooks; made with 30x72 inch steel bed, supported by 28 helical springs; the frame is sunk 5 inches below the wire fabric so that the body does not come in contact with the frame.

—Thick, tufted, reversible cotton mattress with scalloped valance. Back of hammock fastened with steel hooks and eyes as well as six auto buttons.

—Suspended by rustless steel chains. Extra chains and ceiling hooks, furnished without extra charge, if desired.

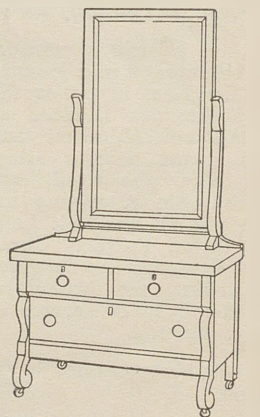
—Choice of olive or khaki duck covering, \$12.50.

—Green, blue or brown striped canvas covering, \$14.50.

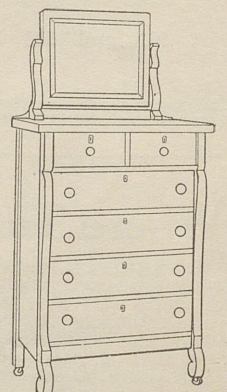
—Extra windshield for front of hammock, \$2. This is especially suitable if hammock is to be used for sleeping purposes or for small children.

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Walnut

—Princess Dresser, at top, has 18x36 inch French beveled plate mirror and 21x40 inch top, \$22.50.

—Chiffonier has 16x20 inch French beveled mirror and 19x34 inch top. Fine value at \$21.50.

—Dressing Table has 16x20 inch plate mirror and 19x32-inch top, \$15.75.

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